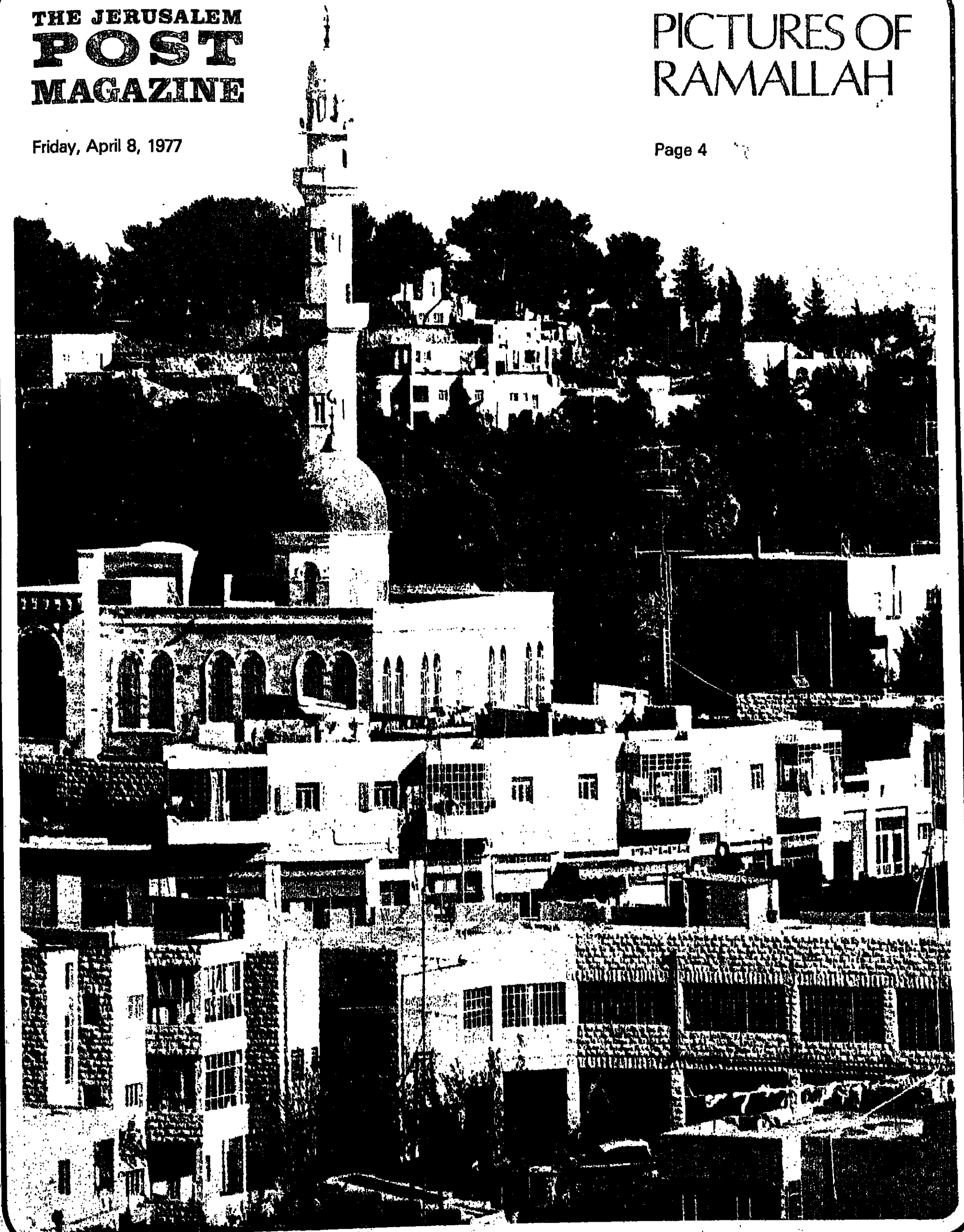


THE JERUSALEM
POST
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PICTURES OF
RAMALLAH

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Spring is sprung
Pessah's come!
Enjoy the holiday
with Coca-Cola.
sparkling, crisp,
refreshing.

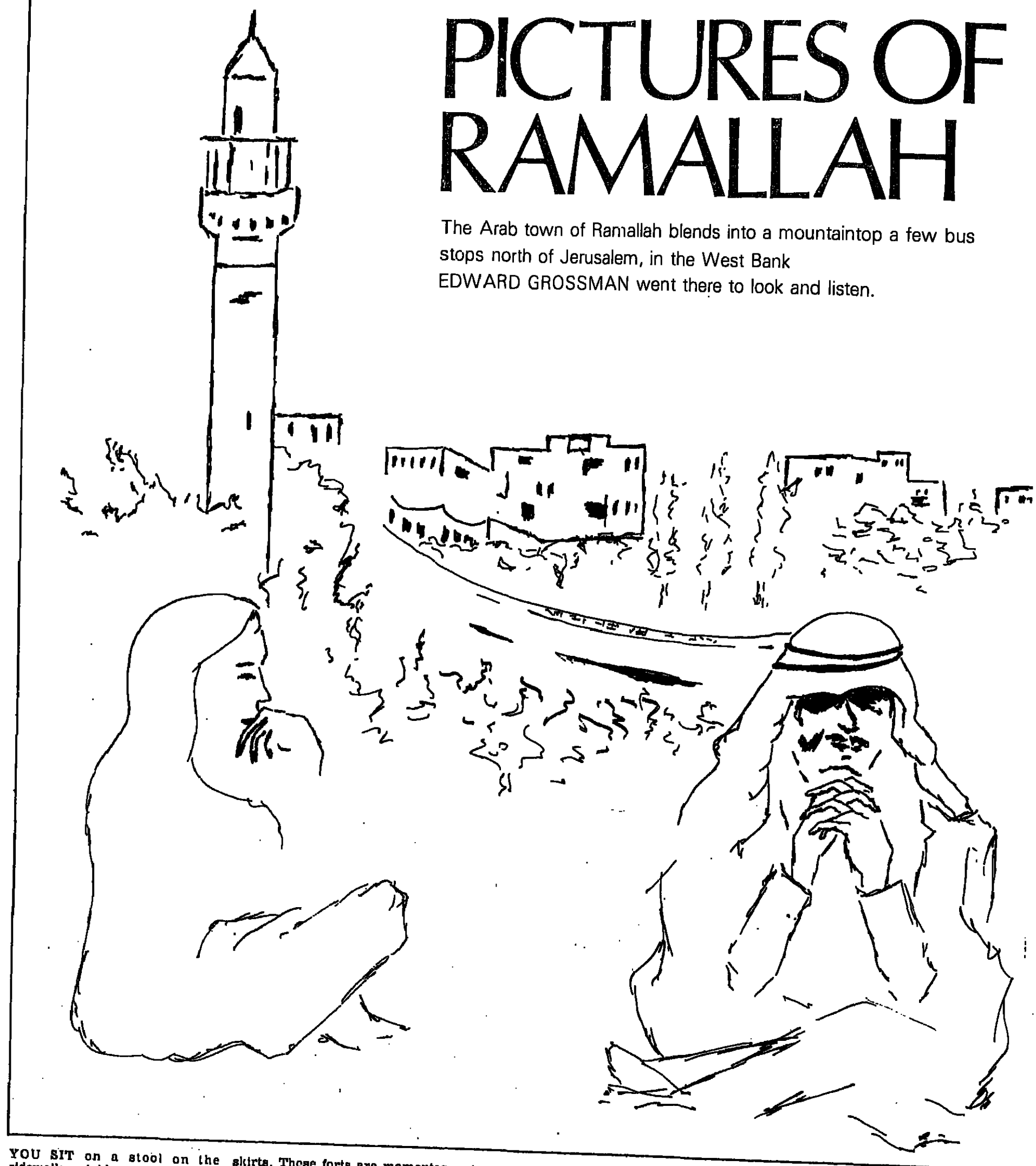


It's the real thing.

هكذا من الأصل

PICTURES OF RAMALLAH

The Arab town of Ramallah blends into a mountaintop a few bus stops north of Jerusalem, in the West Bank
EDWARD GROSSMAN went there to look and listen.



YOU SIT on a stool on the sidewalk outside a coffeehouse, drinking in the pellucid air with its fragrances of coffee-beans, pine needles, roast lamb, hashish, and carbon monoxide, and you notice compact white Ford Escorts with black and white Army license plates, ferrying uniformed Israelis, passing by in the traffic of buses, trucks, carts and donkeys.

The Israelis are on their way to the military governor's headquarters in the Tegarit Fort, a brown stucco structure of surpassing ugliness pocked by shrapnel, looming on the out-

skirts. These forts are mementos of the British Mandate, defacing strategic spots around the Holy Land. The Israelis moved into the Ramallah branch in 1987, after the Jordanians moved out in a hurry, and when their vehicles pass through town now, people look through them, maybe because they are used to them, maybe because an effort is being made to cut them from consciousness.

DEPENDING ON the speaker's age, work and temperament, the occupation is blamed for nearly everything that is wrong in Ramallah. Or for some things and

not others. But it is blamed. A man who says he shuns politics, even political talk, complained that eggs haven't tasted right since the market was taken over by Jews. Israeli hens, he explained, are injected with hormones and brood under light bulbs. Mrs. Raymonda Tawil, ex-Presse on the West Bank, complained that educated people are emigrating to the States as fast as they can. Mr. Izzat Karaman, head of the Chamber of Commerce since before the Six Day War, merely mentioned that the import end of his business

folded in competition with bigger Israeli companies. Dr. Nafez Nazzal at Bir Zeit College blamed the occupation for "demoralizing" Ramallah by application of the carrot-and-stick policy. He recalled that last spring, during the riots attending the municipal elections, soldiers chased and beat his students, entered Bir Zeit and demolished furniture and broke bones. Since then, "the military has been ignoring us, which is an effective policy." This, too, is reported with some resentment, like a complaint.

Others agree the Israelis let the

students blow off steam, without interfering so long as they stay in bounds, which means the schoolyards and side streets, and no throwing stones. If the students break these rules, the Israelis are very hard, harder than ever, grabbing and beating the less nimble, slapping fines on them, that their parents have to pay, sentencing second offenders to a stretch in jail with grown-up members of the PLO.

But the troops seem to be under orders. They can use their clubs as they please (as it is said they did on boys from the U.N. school last month), but not their guns.

They are said to have learned their lesson a year ago, when they waited too long and then overreacted during the elections, and made things worse for themselves. Or rather, they relearned for the style of the occupation is supposed to keep such things from happening. A six-year-old was shot by paratroopers during a street demonstration, girls were pulled by the hair into police vans, and the headlines and photos around the world were bigger than those over reports of the Lebanese civil war, three hours by car north of here, where 100 or 200 dead and mutilated was not news, because it had been happening every day for months.

The connection between last year's West Bank riots and the election results is hard to make out. The fact is, the mayor of Ramallah, Karim Khalaf, who had praised the PLO in his first term and declared his adherence to it in the campaign, was returned in a landslide.

In all the other West Bank towns except Bethlehem, the "notables," sheikhs and merchants, lost, and their nephews, doctors and lawyers, took over the city halls. The Israelis are said to have panicked for a moment, according to the talk in Ramallah, but now they are back to their old policy of a hard hand in a kid glove, good jobs for day labourers and jail for PLO members, the carrot and the stick.

Dr. Nazzal says glumly that these instruments have aborted any resistance movement worthy of the name. Five minutes later he warns his guest that there is more than meets the eye, more restlessness and more repression than the Israelis report. If "cells" proliferate, it's because the Palestinian spirit is not broken, and if so many cells are broken, it's because the Israelis use torture, says Dr. Nazzal.

APPEARANCES do change, depending on what you have just been told and what you have not yet heard, on whether there is sunlight and a crowd in the marketplace, or night is falling and a Border Police command car is prowling the almost empty streets.

At the gate of the Tegarit Fort, every day, there are peasants and townspeople waiting to get in, showing their papers to the sentries. These people look a shade furtive. They may need to make way for a speeding, honking police van. What goes on in the Fort? Ordinary business, you are told by the military spokesman — applications for visas and driving licences and so forth — but is that all?

No, the Fort also contains the military tribunal for the West Bank, where security offenders are tried and sentenced. The people at the gate are actually their friends and relatives. There are 200 prisoners in the Fort, and it is rather crowded, the spokesman says, implying he has nothing to hide.

Inside, the look is Institutional Functional: fluorescent lighting, peeling grey paint to the five-foot level, white above, exposed pipes. Voices and telephones echo in the corridors. On the second floor, in the waiting-room of the office of the military governor, Lt. Col. Jacob Katz, a paratrooper, there are two girl soldier-secretaries. One pecks at a typewriter, the other knits, dazed by boredom. A coffee-pot is handy. For decoration, a vase of paper flowers, some airline calendars; out in the corridor a poster stipulating how

neat soldiers dress and comb their hair.

Few of the soldiers at the Fort are quite as neat as that. As for the Arabs awaiting an interview with Katz, it is impossible to guess to what degree their now hushed, now hearty behaviour stems from normal respect for authority, and what is superadded by the occupation.

THERE IS NO decorative touch in the courtroom downstairs, unless it be the blue-and-white flag of the Jewish state tacked onto the wall behind the judges' dais, with the symbol of the Israel Defence Forces superimposed, a sword entwined by an olive branch.

On the witness stand, copies of the New Testament, Old Testament, and Koran. Today the court is considering the case of seven men from Bethlehem charged with belonging to Fatah and possessing weapons. As with all the trials in the Fort, this is open to anyone who wants to watch it.

There are three judges, two young soldiers who never say a word, and a grey-haired major who needs bifocals but doesn't use them, who presides and doubles as stenographer, and does the talking with the prosecutor, the witnesses and the lawyer for the defence. This last is a vigorous albino in dark glasses, an advocate from Nablus.

The accused are brought in. Commotion as the men in the audience bestow smacking kisses on their cheeks, and the women delve into plastic shopping-bags and try to pass cigarettes and snacks of oranges and pita. The warders relieve the accused of their handcuffs, and the proceedings begin.

Some of my clients are now prepared to plead guilty to charges of belonging to an illegal organization, your honour, but not to possession of arms, and others vice versa, the defence counsel tells the presiding judge. They know each other well. The defence counsel is in his element, he has a sense of his own presence, he tugs at his robes and cites Israeli military and civil law, and Jordanian codes, switching from Arabic to Hebrew to English and back to Arabic. A point of law here concerning "possession" — may it please the court — is there not a distinction to be drawn between being found in possession of arms, and actually having ownership of, and control over, them?

The judge notes down these matters, and a soldier translates whatever is said in Hebrew into Arabic, for the benefit of the spectators. A woman pacifies her infant with the breast. The military prosecutor drums his fingers on the frayed cardboard file holding the depositions and xeroxed charge sheets. Sometimes he lodges an objection, and sometimes the judge sustains it. In the corner, a military cop sits with an Uzi submachine-gun on his lap, yawning.

The accused are rough, unshaven. Maybe they were capable of action once, and maybe they will be again someday, before or after they get out of jail in five or 10 years, but now they look powerless, scared, unhappy. The best their lawyer can do is get their sentences reduced. Clear about the outcome, some of the women weep, without a sound.

THERE IS NO ONE in jail for his opinions, says the Israeli spokesman, and the man who complained about eggs pretty much agrees, though he says there is a shadow zone — some people are locked up for months

before being charged. Nor in there anyone sentenced just for failing to inform. The 3,000 or so Palestinians in jail have been convicted of being operatives in outfits whose aim is to finish the Jewish State.

FOR THE TIME being, most of the oil that Joe Mughannam sells is going to a Jewish fellow in Israel who has a chain of health-food stores. Joe is possibly the happiest adult in Ramallah. He has to grin when he remembers how his friends and relatives reacted to the news that, after 20 years, he was planning to leave America and come back here.

"Joe," they told him, "what are you, crazy? A man can't make a living. Besides, don't you know the place is occupied?"

But Joe's mind was made up. Last year he took the money he had saved from the delicatessen in San Francisco, across the bay from San Francisco, packed his bags, and returned to his place of birth. So far, he hasn't regretted it for a minute. Joe loves America, of course, but in Ramallah, he declares, life is beautiful.

If you want to talk with Joe, you have to drive a few kilometres out of town to his new olive oil processing plant. He spends most of his time there these days, working 18 hours, eating and sleeping when he can. As you come into the place you wince from the racket, but soon you get used to it.

Peasants are standing and squatting on the loading dock and the concrete floor, men and women in keffiyehs and head coverings and bright embroidered robes and slippers, who have brought their olives in. There are also locals from town, who seem to be there just to gawk, for the pressing machine is something to hear and see. Joe deserves to be proud of it. He wears a green golf cap, his hands are smeared with grease and dirt (he is your old-fashioned American-type entrepreneur, getting right into the muck with his help), and he is more than glad (wiping his hands on his overalls) to show off his machine to a visitor.

A regular Henry Ford production line. Between the pit where

"That's a lot more than the old method. Also, we get more oil per ton, and it's a better grade. So most of the business around Ramallah is coming our way."

Joe has big ideas. He's ordered two more machines from Italy, and though they're not cheap, he hopes he'll be able to take delivery before next season. He's got a partner, a second cousin, but most of the investment so far has been his own, from the doll. Maybe he'll get a loan.

The problem in this part of the world is that people still think in terms of cash and carry. This keeps the economy sluggish, frustrates capable individuals. Not like in America — "What made America great was the idea of credit." Talking about these things, Joe shows hardly any worry or irritation. His cheerfulness seems invulnerable. Somehow, he will raise the capital.

He doesn't ask his customers for cash. Instead, for every 11 kilos of oil that come out of the machine, he takes one, and stores it underground for sale to his Israeli buyer. What the peasants take away in tin jerrycans is either used by them at home, he says, or bought by middlemen for export to the Arab countries, via the Jordan bridges. Joe hasn't started his own export line, but he will next season, after he gets more machines, and after he's finished arranging for shipment to Europe and the States through Ashdod port.

From the windows of Joe's factory you can see a hillside with his own olive orchard, which he inherited from his grandfather. He has 11 brothers and sisters, every one of them in the States, and he misses them, but he says he's here to stay. Some men come back just to get a wife, but not Joe. Somehow — he can't really explain it, that well but he feels it — life is better in the old country, slower, richer, fuller, certainly safer than the streets of San Francisco. And in spite of the credit problem, a man can still start out on his own with hopes of making it; he's not up against some conglomerate.

As for politics, well, Joe is non-political. He doesn't like the oc-

cupation any better than the next Arab, but he believes Arabs and Jews can live side by side — why not? Don't they in California? And he's in favour of any peace settlement that works, and lets him run his business or businesses.

He has, let it be noted again, big ideas. After this season, he is going to devote his leisure to inventing a way of getting the last few drops of oil out of the pulp, using a variant on the ancient press. This oil would be too acid for kitchen or table use, but just right for the famous soap they make in Nablus. He proposes selling it up there, and maybe, someday, who knows,

building a soap factory in Ramallah.

"YOU'VE BEEN TO see Joe?" How is he? I'll bet he makes a million Israeli pounds this year!" Karim Khalaf, as befits a mayor, is a bit of a booster, not only of himself but his town, occupied or not, and its enterprising citizens, whether they are here or in America. Civic pride is at war on his face with resentment and worry.

Khalaf looks like he has to screw up his courage continually. Last year, after the election excitement, he was in a hospital in East Jerusalem. He is the son of one of the town's old Christian clans, and he was re-elected on the platform that the PLO represents the Palestinians, and anything it decides he will go along with.

Already, during his first four-year term, he was saying things in favour of the PLO, and against King Hussein and the Israelis, in advance of politicians in other West Bank towns. Now he may have gone too far to backtrack.

Sometimes, when he is talking with you, he seems to be thinking about something else entirely, not just about the phone calls that interrupt him or the papers that retainers bring him to initial. But then he mobilizes his attention again. He wears a blue stone ring and slicked-down hair, and has a way of clutching your wrist to make a point. Possibly, he has no guilt.

"I didn't want to run for re-election, but the people made me," he said to a visitor in his office. "When people voted for me, they knew I couldn't do anything for the city, except stand up for the idea that the PLO represents us. Still, they voted for me. The good people, those who are against Hussein and the Israeli."

A look of hurt comes into the mayor's eyes when he is asked whether the voting reflected any religious pattern. "We don't think about such things here at all," he says, laying his hand on yours. "I'm a Christian, but Muslims are our brothers. We are all Palestinians together, there's no difference." He doesn't wish to pursue the subject, for there is nothing to it. He prefers to speak about the future, about the Palestinians' demands on Israel.

The Israelis must withdraw to the 1967 borders, after which a PLO "national authority" will be set up in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and negotiations can begin on the return of the refugees to what is now Israel. As an afterthought, the mayor adds that the Golan is Arab, according to the UN Partition Plan of 1947, and perhaps it should also be included in a Palestinian state.

Will that "national authority" or state, the question is put to him, live in peace with the Jewish state? "That depends on the Jews." But did the mayor not tell an Israeli radio reporter after the elections, "You Jews hate the Arabs; you hate humanity... I am certain you will never have good relations with the Arabs"? Yes, that quote is accurate, but one should not get the wrong idea. "I'm against the Zionist movement, not the Jews. I love the Jews and get along with them very well — civilians, that is. The supervising engineer on the sewage project is a Jew from Haifa, and he is my very good friend. I love the Jews. I even said it to Katz. 'I love the Jews,' I told him. But what does he understand? He's a soldier." The mayor remembered something. (Continued on page 6)



the olives are dumped, and the spigot where the golden viscous purified oil drips forth, you have conveyor belts, high-speed crusher blades, a centrifuge, a roaring furnace fired with olive pulp, and numerous thermostats, dials and tubes, from one of which hangs, on a beaded thread, a medallion of St. George and the dragon. Joe feels, smells, tastes the finished product, with a smacking report of his lips and tongue. He's pleased.

"We've got two-and-a-half tons of olives coming in each day," he shouts happily, in clear, un-

accented California American.

and maybe, someday, who knows,

HOLocaust a Christian view

Today is Good Friday, commemorating the execution of Jesus, which was the seed of Christian anti-Judaism. Next Thursday is Holocaust Day, commemorating the millions murdered by the most vicious Jew-haters of all time. EVA FLEISCHNER considers the challenge posed by the Holocaust to the faith of a Christian.

LET ME at the outset clarify the meaning of the term "Holocaust," for even 30 years after the event we cannot yet presume general familiarity with it. There are those who have never heard the word; others will use it for any disaster — whether World War II, Hiroshima, Vietnam, or an earthquake. In this article the word is used in the new and symbolic meaning it has acquired over the past 25 years in the English-speaking world as what I consider its primary meaning: the murder of six million Jews by the Nazis, carefully planned and meticulously carried out.

I shall approach the subject via three main topics: 1) The problem posed for Christians by the failure of the churches during the Nazi era; 2) the roots of this failure in Christian tradition; and 3) the challenge to the very heart of faith posed by the Holocaust — faith in the redeeming God of biblical revelation.

IN THE SPRING of 1973 I taught a seminar on the Holocaust at Montclair State College. One day, after I had discussed the role of the churches in class, a Jewish student asked if he could address a question to the Christians present. "How can you, in the light of what happened, remain Christians?"

Because the question was asked without hostility we did not feel attacked or put on the defensive, but were willing to struggle for answers (which differed in each case).

This semester I am again teaching the Holocaust to a mixed class of Christians and Jews. Recently one of my students, a Catholic, came to see me. He was deeply disturbed. "What about Matthew 27:25?" he asked ("His blood be upon us and our children"). How was this text interpreted by the early church? Did it contribute to the development of that Christian anti-Semitism that we had been discussing in class?

The student had intended to do his paper on the attitude of the churches during the Holocaust. Now he felt a growing hesitation: could a deeper investigation of this subject be a threat to his Christian faith? Much as I would have liked to be able to reassure him that his fear was groundless, I could not do so. All I could tell him was that, after years of studying the Holocaust and through times of real crisis in my own life, I am still able and willing to call myself a Christian today.

These two experiences point up what I would call the first level of the impact of the Holocaust on Christians: first, not in the sense



of deepest or most important, but most immediate and obvious. Let me call it a soul-searching, examination of conscience, about the role that Christianity has played in the deliberate murder of six million innocent Jewish men, women and children.

It is a well-known fact today that not only did Hitler never repudiate his Catholicism, but that many high Nazi officials repeatedly stressed that they were "good Christians." Among the thousands of lesser officials were some who had been theology students, even pastors and church officials (such as Ernst Biberstein, who was placed in charge of one of the mobile killing units that rounded up and shot by the hundreds, and thousands, Jews in occupied Soviet territory).

On a broader scale, there is the phenomenon of the "German Christians," who joined with millions of other Germans in acclaiming Hitler as saviour of Germany and pledged him their whole-hearted and undying fealty. There is, finally, perhaps best known and still the subject of con-

trovery, the silence of Pius XII who, whatever his personal efforts to save individual Jews, never publicly condemned or excommunicated Hitler.

It is without doubt a dismal and shameful record. Yet it should be pointed out that the darkness is not without rays of light.

The Dutch hierarchy, in a pastoral letter ordered to be read in all churches after the German occupation of Holland, called on Catholics throughout Holland to protect Jews wherever possible, because their Christian faith demanded nothing less. The bishops on this occasion threw prudence to the winds, prudence that continued to silence Pius XII.

Seen pragmatically, the Pope would appear to have been more circumspect. For the Germans responded to the bishops' pastoral letter by rounding up and deporting not only all the Dutch Jews that could be found, but also Christians of Jewish ancestry (it was on this occasion that the philosopher and Carmelite nun, Edith Stein, was sent to Auschwitz, where she perished).

But if we ask, who were the true Christians? where was the Church's prophetic voice to be heard? It is the Dutch bishops, and not Pius XII, who are vindicated.

HOLLAND, the Confessing Church of Germany, and acts of heroism on the part of individuals notwithstanding, I find it impossible to avoid the conclusion that the churches as a whole failed shamefully to speak out on behalf of Jews. This poses a problem for Christians today.

What does being a Christian mean and demand, not only of the individual, but of the church as an institution, since it is precisely at this level that the church claims to carry on the work and mission of Christ? Have the churches lost their claim to credibility since the Holocaust? And if so, what makes many of us able still to call ourselves Christians?

One possible answer is that the church is not confined to the Pope or hierarchy, but includes the wider body of Christians. Yet this does not solve the problem, since so many members of this "wider body" also betrayed the Gospel. It seems to me that here we are brought face to face with the "mystery" of the church: "the bride without spot and wrinkle," yes, but only in the eschaton; meanwhile, here below, a muddy mixture of sanctity and sinfulness at best.

There is still a more painful aspect for Christians, however. Not only did the churches by and large remain neutral, an attitude that in itself is reprehensible enough. We have abundant evidence of strong anti-Semitism on the part of some highly placed church officials.

For example: "In 1942, the Netra Rebbe went to Archbishop Netra to plead for Catholic intervention against the deportation of the Slovakian Jews. Tiso, the head of the Slovakian government, had been Kametko's secretary for many years and the Rebbe hoped that Kametko could persuade Tiso not to allow the deportations. Since the Rebbe did not yet know of the gas chambers, he stressed the dangers of hunger and disease especially for women, old people and children. The Archbishop replied: 'It is not just a matter of deportation. You will not die there of hunger and disease. They will slaughter all of you there, old and young alike, women and children, at once. It is the punishment that you deserve for the death of our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ — you have only one solution. Come over to our religion and I will work to annul this decree.' There are

literally hundreds of similar anti-Semitic statements by individual people reported in Holocaust literature. As late as March 1941 — admittedly still before the full destruction was unleashed — Archbishop Grober (Germany), in a pastoral letter, blamed the Jews for the death of Christ and added that 'the self-imposed curse of the Jews, His blood be upon us and upon our children, has come true terribly, until the present time, until today.' Similarly the Vatican responded to an inquiry from the Vichy government about the law of June 2, 1941, which isolated and deprived Jews of rights... 'In principle, there is nothing in these measures which the Holy See would find to criticize.'

From Auschwitz: Beginning of a New Era? Such anti-semitic statements did not materialize out of thin air.

STATEMENTS like those quoted above (and hundreds of others could be cited) can be understood only against the background of nearly centuries of distorted Christian teaching about Jews and Judaism, a distortion that the 20th century French historian Jules Isaac has labelled the "Teaching of Contempt." Because Jews killed Christ (which soon became the infamous deicide charge), and persevered in their blindness, they are eternally punished by God, doomed to wander homeless over the face of the earth, a sign of reprobation to all God-fearing people.

While I consider it a distortion of fact to say the Holocaust was the work of Christians — even though, as already pointed out, many of its perpetrators were Christians in name — their Nazism *de facto* made a mockery of Christianity — I believe there is ample evidence that the centuries-old Christian anti-Semitism prepared the soil for modern anti-Semitism and the Holocaust; that the Holocaust could not have happened if Christians of Germany, Europe, the world, had taken an unequivocal stand against the Nazi programme of persecution and eventual extermination of the Jews.

The reason why no such stand was taken, why so few prophetic voices were raised, is the strong anti-Semitism of the West, one of the roots of which I perceive to be in Christian teaching.

Anyone studying Christian anti-Judaism will eventually have to confront what for many of us is the most difficult question of all: is anti-Judaism part and parcel of Christian dogma? Are its seeds to

Continued on page 8

(Continued from page 5)

"Katz threatened to expel me to Jordan if I didn't stop the students from demonstrating. But I'm not a pufferman. The students have a right to show their feelings."

He encouraged his guest to have another cup of coffee. As far as the PLO was concerned, surprising things were about to be announced from that quarter, following the big congress in Cairo. The mayor had received an invitation to attend it, but he didn't go, because he feared the Israelis wouldn't let him back — Katz had hinted as much, in one of their Monday morning meetings at the Fort.

The mayor sighed. Anyway, in the final analysis, it is not the Israelis or the PLO that will make peace in the Middle East, it is Jimmy Carter. Yes, everything is up to the U.S. — America must put pressure on Israel to be reasonable. Perhaps Carter's words about a Palestinian "homeland" mark a beginning.

The last time Karim Khalaf visited America was several years ago, when he toured the Ramallah Clubs in Detroit, San Francisco, and elsewhere. At the Houston club, he was given a plaque of pure gold by some millionaire Ramallah emigrants for his heroic stand. He removes it from its place on the wall and shows it to his visitor; then he plunges into complaint again.

Maybe the voters don't expect him to do anything for the town, but it is not good that he has no money for his budget. The occupation authorities are holding back funds because he is troublesome, and he won't go begging to Hussein. Meanwhile, his only source of revenue is property taxes, and this is not enough, with inflation.

DIVERSE OPINIONS on Khalaf's loyalties may be heard in Ramallah. Two city bureaucrats sat talking. One said the mayor's PLO talk is just that, for if he really had anything to do with any "organization," he would be in jail. Everybody knows — it is almost a joke — that Ramallah crawls with spies. The Israelis may mean about Khalaf publicly, but they live with him. Is it not a fact that Ramallah has lately been quieter than Nabulus?

Actually, Khalaf is a practical person with interests to protect, orange groves in Jericho and so on. Since the PLO, in spite of everything, is still in vogue, it is temporarily to his advantage to talk the way he does. But if the wind changes, so will the mayor's language, and his deeds too. It was not so long ago — two, three years — that he got a loan of \$1m. from the Arab Bank in Amman, guaranteed by the King. Didn't he personally go over the bridge and bring back the last instalment, 300,000 dinars, in a sack? The money was used for Ramallah's new sewage system, which is almost finished.

The other bureaucrat disagreed politely. Yes, Karim did accept the loan, but that was before the Arab League named the PLO as the one and only representative of the Palestinians, and the heir to the West Bank. Since then, the mayor has not been across the river.

Unlike the mayors of Bethlehem and Hebron, he has been spinning not-so-secret offers from the King to help with the city treasury, which in Ramallah is really depleted after a cost over-run on the sewage project (inflation again). Karim has principles, he is brave. He was the 'only' personality on the West Bank, old guard and new, who didn't go to

Amman to pay his respects when Queen Alla was killed in a helicopter crash, or publish a note of condolence in the East Jerusalem papers. This, surely, was not expedient. If Hussein prevails, these omissions will do the mayor no good.

The first bureaucrat came back and said yes, perhaps Karim turned down the offer from Jordan, but has he not accepted IL2m. from the occupation to finish the sewer? The men discussed it back and forth, lapsing into Arabic now and then, almost as if there wasn't a stranger there, listening.

"KARIM?" The smile on the face of the Egg Man seemed to turn ironic as he stooped to politics. "I know what I read in *Newsweek*," he said. "It is written there that Karim is pro-PLO. Perhaps he is."

After a while, the Egg Man got around to citing the fact that last year, the municipal veterinarian was sentenced to two years in jail for belonging to something the military prosecutor called the Palestine National Front, an outfit that the Egg Man, for one, is confused about. He cannot say whether it is PLO, Communist, or a Jewish fabrication. In any case, the vet, Dr. Victor Ahmed el-Wahidi, testified that Karim Khalaf recruited him. Yet Khalaf was never even charged. "That's strange, don't you think?" the Egg Man said.

He was asked by his acquaintance of four hours what he thought the explanation was, and he answered, his smile turning sour, "My dear friend, I'm sure I don't know."

For all that, it is not unimaginable that the mayor is, or was once, somehow, on the PLO side. If he was, he may have extended himself too far, burned his bridges back to Hussein, so to speak. Time would tell, would it not? The Egg Man asked, never too bitter to try a pun. The subject of the mayor's loyalties and prospects may actually engage the Egg Man's interest more keenly than it does the bureaucrats, but on one thing they are all agreed, that finally it is academic. Their top elected official will have little to do with deciding the future of Ramallah, the West Bank, or the Palestinians.

IF SOMETHING is about to happen, Jimmy Carter will make it happen, or Brezhnev, or Sadat, or Assad of Syria or King Khalad of Saudi Arabia or some other face in the news — anyone but the Palestinians themselves.

Neither under the occupation, nor in their diaspora in the Arab countries and beyond, are the Palestinians in charge of their destiny. "Plus ça change," quoted a lady who was educated 40 years ago in Beirut. Instead of finishing the proverb, she lifted her eyebrows and sighed. As for the PLO, it is less of a force than ever. One should not be misled by the resolutions of the Cairo Congress. The weaker the PLO, the more intransigent its communiques. If Arafat is ready to make up with the blood enemy, Hussein, it's because the PLO is terribly weak. In the Lebanese war, Arafat's skin was allied by Assad, the Syrian. Arafat depends now on the Egyptian ruler, Sadat, and the Saudi royal family, and he can hardly defy their wishes. If he really balks, he will be replaced, perhaps by Zuhair Mohsin, chief of Syria's subsection of the PLO, Snika. You hear such things said or hinted in Ramallah precisely by those who apparently most wish it were not so.

If the PLO is about to circulate, "accept" Israel (every day there are contradictory rumours), it will do so because it is told to by the regimes which bankroll it, shelter it, and habitually doublecross and persecute it, as they mistreat Palestinians in general.

There is not a good word to be heard or elicited for any Arab country, except, once in a while, Jordan, because only Jordan gave the refugees citizenship, and almost everyone in Ramallah holds a Jordanian passport. "We built their refineries and taught their children, and they spit on us" — "they hate our guts" — "they treat us like Jews" — some comments on Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Egypt.

The PLO, too, by reason of its dealings with Arab regimes, and especially because of "Lebanon," has no glamour, except among kids, a paradox considering the great victory last April of Khalaf and other candidates who spoke like him. Television was important here. For a year and a half, it supplied images of the happenings in Lebanon, literally brought them home.

For a time, one could make out of them what one wished, the Egg Man says. Until late last summer — until, that is, several months after the elections — the PLO could be seen as having the upper hand in the war, beating back the Lebanese Christians, then taking the offensive, securing a base on Israel's northern border, after having been thrown out of the East Bank by Hussein. Suddenly, the Syrians switched sides.

A stranger senses that the motives for this treachery are still being debated in Ramallah. Lebanese Christians recovered. Their most famous victory, then, and a new entry on the Palestinians' list of disasters, was the siege and fall of Tel al-Zataar, refugee camp outside Beirut. The



Karim Khalaf, Mayor of Ramallah

Christians let many of the survivors walk or be carried out but they took no young male prisoners. The agony of Tel al-Zataar lasted more than a month, it was televised in colour, and reception is very clear on the mountain.

THE GOOD people of Ramallah responded, they sent \$30,000 in medicines and powdered milk to the PLO in Lebanon, through the Red Crescent. Mayor Khalaf has a receipt from Fathi Arafat, Yashir's brother, that he invites visitors to his office to inspect.

But that shipment was not the end of it, at least not for some people here. Although the PLO's Voices of Palestine, broadcasting from Cairo, blamed Lebanon on the CIA and Israel, a plot to discredit the idea of a secular democratic state, this does not seem to have been good enough, and even some of the best nationalists here are still shaken by what they saw.

A young woman not yet married, the closely-watched daughter of a Christian family, said that the Lebanese Christians

"started it" by massacring a busload of Palestinians in Beirut in spring, 1975. She was there at the University when it happened. This girl chafes under the occupation, and the tight customs of West Bank society. The sight of Israeli soldiers rubs her the wrong way, although they have been on the scene for almost half her life. She says: "If it weren't for Zionism, there wouldn't be any refugees in Lebanon in the first place." And: "The Israelis are so glad to see the Arabs at each other's throats."

But she doesn't buy the Voice of Palestine version. Soon after it started there was no telling who was murdering whom in Lebanon and why, she said, lumping all sides together, disgustingly: Christian vs. Muslim, Left vs. Right, rich vs. poor, Lebanese vs. Palestinian, Saika Palestinian vs. Fatah Palestinian, Iraqi volunteers vs. Syrian volunteers, plus assorted freelance killers, kidnappers, thieves, maniacs and hoods — "Crazy!"

"Lebanon" has become a code-word for chaos, and Ramallah is a clean, outwardly peaceful burg. The only untidiness an outsider notices is where the street is ripped up for the sewage project, opposite Naoum's restaurant. On TV, the streets of Beirut looked like Dresden after the fire-bombing and before the corpses were collected, the Christian girl said. She has some idea, because she saw *Slaughterhouse Five* in Jerusalem, chaperoned. The sense, seldom as directly articulated as by this girl or the Egg Man, is that the PLO and its factions are stained by inter-Arab gore, that they have done more than their share of bungling to bring the whirlwind down again on the heads of those they presume to protect. The Egg Man put the irony directly: "We are safer in our beds under the occupation of the Jews than Palestinians are in Arab Lebanon this minute."

DOES AN outsider without Arabic deceive himself in thinking that politics pervades everything? Aren't there wedding photos in the shop windows?

You sit in a coffee house (men only) surrounded by what one woman calls "the simple people," and you wonder what they are talking about. The radio, tuned to Amman, gives out with flutes, drums, violins, and the voice of a female approaching an ecstasy of love-sickness, to the great applause of the studio audience. In spite of the clamorous music, you distinctly catch the word "Iz-rye-ee!" in the talk that is going on around you. The slap of cards, the click of dice and backgammon counters, the music, and constantly, "Iz-rye-ee!", "Iz-rye-ee!". It is all right. The crystal air is saturated with politics.

YET IT IS just as unusual for an outsider to hear the PLO damned as it is to catch a word of praise for or trust in the various Arab governments or peoples.

To be sure, Karaman, the head of the Chamber of Commerce, will not commit himself. But most of the people in Ramallah, who the stranger spoke to accorded the PLO their verbal support. The Egg Man was the exception when he said that long before Lebanon, the PLO was a curse for the Palestinians.

Save for some green youngsters, however, English speakers pledge allegiance without tremendous happiness, as if saluting some elusive ideal, rather than that collection of parties and personalities, beholden to this or that Arab regime, that the PLO is generally known to be.

The ideal is self-assertion. "The PLO solves our identity crisis," Dr. Nazal said, admitting in the next breath that it has failed to organize on the West Bank. "The people on the West Bank don't look on the PLO, especially Fatah, as a political party," the Egg Man said. "No. They see it as a symbol. Of what? Of their dignity, or better, of their wish for dignity, which is connected with this land, the soil."

As for Arafat, "the people in the streets still think of him as one of their own," Arafat says, "Palestine," "Palestine," and he's seen as a devout Muslim, not some kind of Communist. That's enough. They'll overlook a lot for that," the Egg Man said, referring to "them" in the third person,

as some Christian Arab sometimes do, though he is nominally a Muslim himself. So you judge that in this coded language, "PLO" stands for the assertion of a sense of difference and of belonging, of grievance and of hope — in other words, of a feeling of nationalism. There are many doctors in Ramallah, and one of them likened nationalism to an illness. The occupation has benignly wiped out malaria and is making strides against tuberculosis, but nationalism flourishes.

Some have a worse case than others, the doctor said, but it is almost never totally absent. The PLO, the only grouping with "Palestine" in its name, draws and dissipates this chronic, feverish energy, mostly in the form of speech and graffiti and rioting, but also, on occasion, conspiracy. This is mostly amateurish, though not always harmless — the refrigerator that blew up in Zion Square in Jerusalem on July 4, 1975, killed 15 and wounded 77 and the Israelis say it was planted by a Fatah man from the Ramallah district. There will be more demonstrations, and maybe explosions. But how to transform restlessness into power? Blame the Jews, blame the Arabs, blame themselves — if the Palestinians are to live under their own flag, it will be a blessing bestowed on them from outside.

ASK ISRAELIS at the Fort when the Army is going to leave Ramallah, and you are likely to be told that it will when the Prime Minister orders it to.

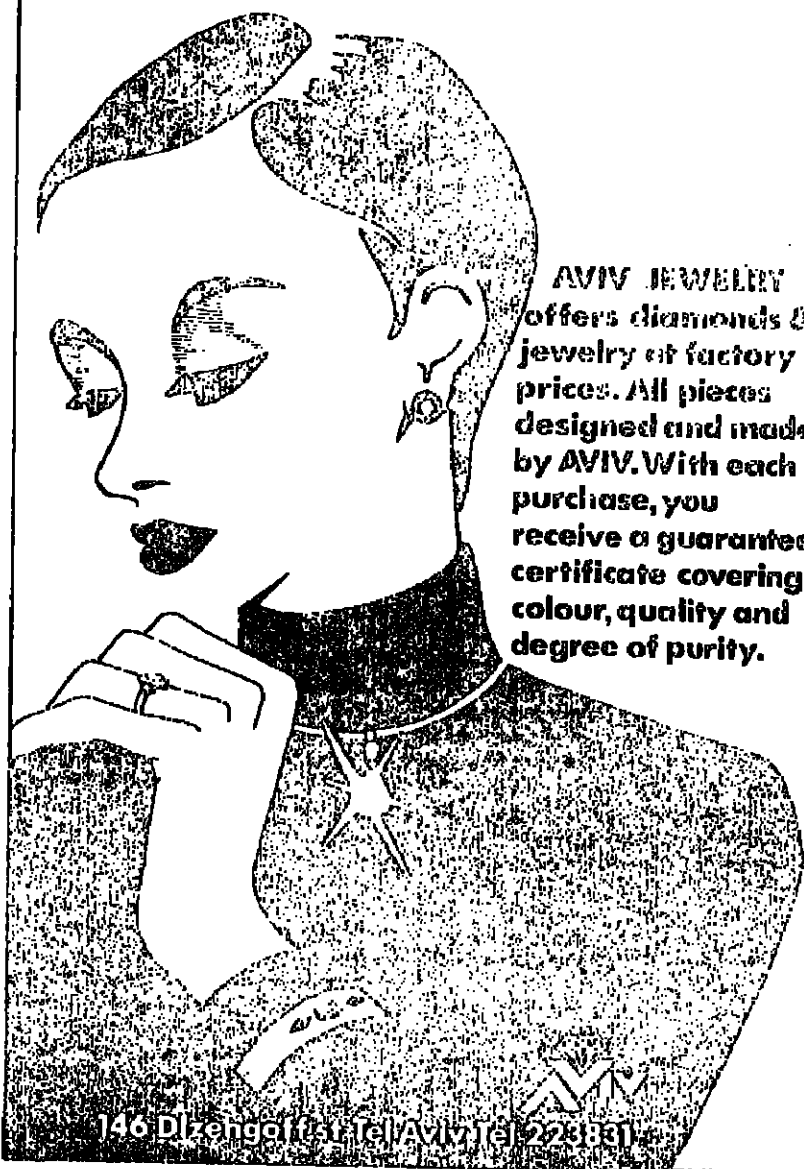
In the meantime, the day of withdrawal does not seem to be imminent, and no one seems to be making ready to evacuate the place, unless it is strictly personal plans, by career soldiers reassigned to the Golan Heights or the Sinai or the Tel Aviv war-room, or draftees or reservists crossing off the days until discharge.

The possibility of the whole Army leaving soon seems remote, though not inconceivable or necessarily undesirable. "They've never had it so good," a soldier accosted by a stranger assured him a propos of the Arabs in the West Bank, repeating what the stranger had heard more than once from the man in the street in Israel. This corporal was darker than most of the Arabs in Ramallah. "It's time for peace, don't you think?" an officer of European extraction asked a visitor later. "Did that mean withdrawal? 'Sure — after a peace treaty.'"

(Edward Grossman, an American journalist living in Jerusalem, writes for *Commentary* and *Saturday Review*.)

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(Continued from page 7)

he found in the Christian scriptures and in our Christianity, rather than in the fourth-century church fathers?

This is the theory of a number of Christian scholars today. It raises profoundly disturbing questions, which touch the heart of Christian faith. Is anti-Judaism endemic to Christianity? Did the early church's effort to define its identity lead to a downgrading of the people of God whose place it now claimed to occupy, a downgrading and hostility that are reflected in the New Testament itself? (Particularly in the treatment of the Pharisees, who are frequently portrayed as hypocrites and the natural enemies of Jesus, and in the Gospel according to John, where with rare exception "the Jews" are the implacable enemies of Jesus, scheming almost from the first to bring about his death.)

These questions, which cast a shadow on the very foundations of Christianity, are more painful by far than the discovery of the virulent anti-Judaism of a Chrysostom and other church fathers. For saints, after all, are people of flesh and blood, different from the rest of us in degree only, and their sermons and letters are not part of our Canon. But what if the scriptures, the Word of God, is tainted?

I can do nothing more here than raise the question, and leave it to readers to pursue the matter further. However painful the question for us, we owe it to ourselves, in a post-Holocaust world, to confront it.

JUDAISM and Christianity are both religions of redemption. That is to say, the central faith experience of each rests on a saving act of the Living God: for the Jews, the Exodus and Sinai; for Christians, the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Are these root experiences of salvation endangered, or even blotted out, by the overwhelming destruction of the Holocaust? I do not personally think so, but I understand those who do.

Where was God at Auschwitz? Was his "absence" only one more instance of his "hiding his face" for a little while, or had he ceased to care, and thereby ceased to be the God whom Christians and Jews worship and in whom they trust?

Can we still speak of human dignity when millions of human beings were not only brutally murdered by their fellow human beings, but their hair was used for blankets, their skin for lampshades? (Richard Rubenstein, in *After Auschwitz*, speaks of the Nazi effort to reduce the camp inmates to excrement, a theory recently brought into sharp focus by Terrence Des Pres' *The Survivor*.) In the summer of 1944 Jewish children in the death camps were burned alive to save the two-fifths of a cent it would have cost to put them to death by gas.

Even if we are still able after Auschwitz to believe in the biblical God who cares, who cherishes his people, and in whose sight human life, all of human life, has incomparable value, such affirmations no longer come easily to us — if indeed they ever did or should have. Those of us who take our faith seriously, whether Christians or Jews, must struggle with these agonizing questions.

Perhaps Irving Greenberg points the way here — not toward a resolution of the tension, for I believe none is possible, but at least toward a way of bearing it. In the paper already referred to,

Greenberg speaks of "moment faith." Since Auschwitz, he suggests, there are times when "the flames and smoke of the burning children blot out faith," but these are interspersed with moments when we glimpse anew the vision of redemption.

Since Auschwitz our life of faith is lived in the dialectic of this polar experience. The difficulty this entails may eventually lead to a more authentic faith, won by doing battle with God as Jacob did long ago (Genesis 32:23-33), and as an Elie Wiesel is doing in our own day.

Here, then, in what appears to me to be some crucial questions with which the Holocaust confronts us.



fronts Christians. They are hard questions, and some of us may wonder whether there is any way out for us. Can one still be morally a Christian after Auschwitz? asks the Christian theologian Alan Davies. Has the betrayal of Jesus' teaching by Jesus' followers impaired Jesus' own beauty and greatness? Has Nietzsche's prophecy that God is dead at long last come true?

Let me suggest some ways I perceive whereby these hard questions may lead — not to a rejection of Christianity, and even of God, but to a purer life of faith and a deeper bond with our Jewish sisters and brothers and, perhaps, the building of a world "where justice and truth may embrace."

1. If we are willing to confront the sins of our churches, to work through the initial — and I believe inevitable — reaction of guilt, we may hope to come to a new sense of responsibility. Guilt that remains guilt — "a giant mea culpa," in the words of Harvard historian Yosef Yerushalmi — is not only paralyzing but dangerous. For it may in the end turn upon the victims once more, as a means of ridding itself of its burden. Responsibility, on the other hand, will lead to commitment, to the determination to do everything in our power that another Holocaust will not occur. It will lead us to make our own the slogan, "Never again."

2. Our willingness to confront the Christian past may bring us to a truer, more realistic, and humbler understanding of the church: an institution divinely instituted, we believe, but rooted in human hearts and minds, shaped by

history, hence subject to all its vicissitudes; frequently denying the very love it claims to embody; yet somehow continuing to struggle to give witness to this love.

I do not see how, in the face of the Holocaust, we can continue in our arrogant Christian claim of superiority. What is called for are communion of heart and confession of our sinfulness, in the knowledge that God's love and mercy are infinitely greater yet, and can indeed transform our hearts of stone into hearts of flesh.

3. Not only our faith in the church, but our faith in God will be purified if we suffer the impact of the Holocaust unless, indeed — and we must admit this possibility — it is destroyed. A gift, easy affirmation that God is good and looks after us all, that all suffering has a deeper purpose, that good always comes from evil — such clichés are no longer possible after Auschwitz.

Does this mean that faith in God is no longer possible? I for one do not think so. But such faith will henceforth be lived in alternating moments of darkness and light. Perhaps it has always been so with authentic faith — the "night of the soul" is, after all, no 20th century invention. But the Holocaust accentuates this aspect of faith.

4. The Holocaust is one of the three major catastrophes in the nearly 4000-year history of the Jewish people. It is at the Exodus experience that the central theme of Jewish faith, the drama of the exodus from Egypt, is first introduced — and the sometimes real fear that the Jewish people might not survive at all — have indelibly seared the Jewish soul.

To the extent that Christians begin to have some insight into this experience which, while uniquely Jewish, also transcends Judaism and has universal proportions, genuine dialogue between Christians and Jews becomes more possible. Some insight into the Holocaust will also give us a better understanding of the centrality of the State of Israel for Jews today. For if, as Buber suggests, the Holocaust was the will of God's face from his people, the establishment of the State is experienced by many as God's renewed pledge that he is still with his people.

5. Finally, awareness of the Holocaust may heighten our sense of responsibility and sharpen our sensitivity to suffering and injustice wherever they are found. A study of the Holocaust cannot fail, it seems to me, to lead us to ask: How would I have acted? Would I have been among those who were silent, or looked the other way, whether through fear or apathy? Might I, unthinkable as it may seem, even have been among the murderers? Do I look on today in silence as human beings are oppressed, discriminated against, killed? Do I excuse myself on the grounds that my actions don't count anyway?

This is the level of questioning my students reach sooner or later, and which I find to be constructive and hopeful. The Holocaust happened more than 30 years ago; but if we relegate it to the past we are dooming the future.

As the German poet Georg Buchner has said, "The human being is an abyss, and I turn giddy when I look down into it." If we are willing to bear the giddiness, perhaps it will eventually give way to sanity and a greater humanness. □

(Eva Fleischner is author of *Judaism in German Christian Theology since 1945*.)

KADESH-BARNEA in northern Sinai was the main focus and gathering-place of the Children of Israel during the 40 years spent wandering in the Wilderness. Here was a green, fertile oasis watered by a number of springs, the most prolific being Ein el Qudeirat, giving more than 40 cu.m. of fresh water an hour.

Its very name — Kadesh, or Holy — underlines the sanctity of the place. It is frequently mentioned in the Bible, the earliest reference, in Gen. 14:7, telling how the warring kings "returned, and came to En-mishpat (the Well of Judgment), which is Kadesh." Here the local council was held and judges gave their rulings. It is still customary for nomadic tribes to set up similar courts at a convenient oasis.

Seventy-five kilometres south-west of Beersheba as the crow flies — far longer by road — Kadesh-barnea is situated on the southern border of Judah, between the desert of Zin to the north and the wilderness of Paran to the south. Partly because of its water sources — the richest in the vicinity — Kadesh was an important station on the ancient Way of the Fathers. Followed by the patriarch Abraham nearly 4,000 years ago, this was the favourite nomad passage between the rich lands of the Nile and the northern kingdoms of Babylon and Assyria, by way of Beersheba, Hebron and Jerusalem.

Trade routes from the Mediterranean ports of Rafiah and el-Arish on the Via Maris — the Sea Road — also crossed Kadesh on their way south-east to Kuntilla and Eliat, while its centrality was enhanced by the network of caravan trails fanning out from the same junction. These branched north-east to Arad and the Dead Sea, and to Edom to link up with the King's Highway running from Eliat through Amman to Damascus.

BIBLICAL history, confirmed by archaeological evidence, recalls three major periods when Kadesh-barnea flourished. After its appearance in Abraham's story, there are more specific and numerous references to it when it was the encampment for the Children of Israel during their sojourn in the desert. From here Moses sent 12 men "to spy out the land of Canaan" (Num. 13:17), and his action is confirmed by Caleb, one of the 12, who says in Josh. 14:7, "Forty years old was I when Moses . . . sent me from Kadesh-barnea to spy out the land." Later they brought the report to "all the congregation of the Children of Israel unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh."

Num. 20:1 narrates how the Children of Israel came "into the desert of Zin in the first month; and the people abode in Kadesh and Miriam died there and was buried there." The same chapter goes on to tell that "the whole congregation journeyed from Kadesh, and came unto mount Hor . . . and Aaron died there in the top of the mount." Tradition holds that he lies in the strange, flat-topped mountain known as Hor Ha'har.

A bitter problem of Bible days was the presence of active enemies — the Amalekites, descendants of Esau — who, using this region as a base, constantly harassed the Children of Israel. They continued their depredations through David's time and after, and only ceased when, in the reign of Hezekiah, Simeon's sons "smote the rest of the Amalekites" (I Chron. 4:48). With the rise of the First

ENCAMPMENT IN THE WILDERNESS

One of the oldest crossroads in Sinai is Kadesh-barnea, known to Abraham and one of the dwelling places of the children of Israel during their 40-year sojourn in the Wilderness. SYLVIA MANN retraces a recent excursion to the excavations that are being conducted at this biblical site.



Section of the stone-walled Israeli fortress above Ein Qada, probable site of Moses' main encampment. (Mann)

Monarchy and the expansion of the kingdom, Kadesh-barnea and its surroundings became more and more essential for defence, particularly against the Edomites. One of the most striking architectural remains of the era is that of the rectangular fortress, 60 x 40m., with metre-thick casemate walls and eight projecting towers, discovered by T.E. Lawrence and L. Woolley in 1914. Excavated anew in 1968 after the Sinai Campaign under the direction of Dr. M. Dotan, it was thought to have been built by King Jehoshaphat of Judah, who reigned from 870 to 846 BCE, or by King Uzriah (784-733 BCE), both of whom fortified Judah's southern limits and developed commerce from the port of Eliat.

According to Dr. Dotan, the foundations and lower levels were built of roughly-dressed stones, the upper storey of sun-baked bricks. Covering the flagstoned floor of the interior was a metre-thick layer of burnt material, testifying to the fierce fire that eventually razed the fortress.

Dr. Dotan believes that the citadel was in use from the ninth to the early part of the sixth century BCE. He also found signs of even earlier structures — findings confirmed by recent additional excavations.

After being overrun by the Edomites, probably around 850 BCE, when the First Monarchy fell, Kadesh-barnea never regained its previous importance. Traces of poor settlement from the Persian era and on to the time

of the Greeks have been uncovered. Then, apart from a few Roman-Byzantine homesteads of no special significance, the place was finally left to the mercy of the wandering herdsmen.

TODAY, Kadesh-barnea, although well within the armistice lines, is under military supervision. If you are fortunate enough to obtain permission for a visit, you leave Beersheba on the road south, and after about 20 km. a signpost points left to Yerubam and right to Ma'ashabe Sade, Revivim and Nitzana. Take the right fork for about 8 km. to kibbutz Ma'ashabe Sade and keep on the main road, passing the track branching off right to Revivim. About 12 km. further on, again on the left, you will see the ruins of the Byzantine laura or monastery of Mushreifa, with remains of cells, churches and towers.

In another 8 km. or so, where kilometrestone 48 appears on the Carta road map, a side path runs left to the beautifully restored Nabatean-Byzantine town of Shivta, or Subeita. Continuing for a long, dull 20 km. more, you reach the entrance to the settlement of Ketziot, and almost immediately on the right is the hill bearing the ruins of another Nabatean-Byzantine town, Nitzana, where the famous sixth century CE papyri were found.

Some 10 km. on is the pass of Um Kutuf, strongly contested in the Six Day War. Then a secondary road turns off left for 30 km. to the Beduin hamlet of Kuseima.

This is where Major C.S. Jarvis, British governor of Sinai in the 1930s, encouraged the Beduin to set up permanent dwellings — a project which met with limited success.

For those without a special permit, Kuseima, now carefully guarded, is the end of the journey. This still makes an interesting day's excursion, if you stop over at the well of Bir Aslu and at Revivim, explore the ruins of Mushreifa, and see Shivta, then Nitzana. For those going on to Kadesh-barnea, it is only the beginning.

A MILITARY escort is needed to travel the 12 km. or so cross-country to Ein el Qudeirat, which waters a fertile area rich with palm trees, olives, grape vines and rows of vegetables — an incredible sight in this bleak, stony landscape. Here the tel of Kadesh-barnea rises above the verdant growth, and the citadel, with its sloping glacis and double casemate walls, is readily visible.

By chance, we were lucky enough to join up with a working party headed by archaeologist Rudolf Cohen, regional supervisor for the southern district, who was setting up camp for a two-week dig. Careering over the rocks and through the wadis in command cars driven by bright young soldiers and reservists, it was heartening to hear their cheerful comments and to see how they were greeted by the camel-mounted Beduin roaming the hills.

After a bumpy journey of about 10 km. south-eastwards, we passed Ein Qada, marked by a neatly-built stone edging, presumably to form a small pool for the trickle of water the spring produces. Moses' main encampment was probably around this spring, and here he struck the rock and water came out of it. Moses then called the name of the place the waters of Meribah, or dissension, for the people accused him, saying, "Why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there?" (Num. 20:4).

General opinion is that at this time, most likely in the first half of the 13th century BCE, Ein el Qudeirat was in the hands of the powerful Amalekites, and only with the strengthening of the nation under David and Solomon were the Israelites able to control it.

The expedition's goal was a hill-top above the spring where last year's dig uncovered an elliptical fort from the 10th century BCE. Measuring some 50m. across at its widest point, it consisted of 20 rooms grouped round a central courtyard. According to the most recent study, the fortress had a short life, its destruction by fire having possibly occurred in the reign of Rehoboam, when Pharaoh Shishak swept through the land to attack Jerusalem with "twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen; and people without number" (II Chron. 12:3).

IDENTIFICATION of the mound near Ein el Qudeirat with biblical Kadesh-barnea was first made in 1905 by Sir George Adam Smith, author of the classic *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. Lawrence and Woolley described the fortress in 1914, and further observations were made by Professor Nelson Glueck in 1934, Father de Vaux in 1937, and Professor Yohanan Aharoni in 1956.

Dr. Dotan's scientific work on the citadel, carried out in 1958, shed new light on many details of the building and its history. The current investigations have uncovered, beneath the towered ramparts of the ninth century BCE, sections of a wall 4m. thick, at least a century older. A survey carried out by Dr. Ze'ev Meshel of Tel Aviv University revealed the ruins of several hill-top forts of this period around Kuseima.

Without doubt, archaeological digs have done, and are doing, a great deal to clarify the background and history of ancient Kadesh-barnea and its surrounding springs. They have especially broadened our knowledge of the entire epoch of the First Monarchy, from David to Josiah — a span of close to 400 years — when the boundaries of the kingdom were at their widest, and Kadesh-barnea was still the administrative, religious and trading centre it had been for centuries.

Nothing, however, can match the vivid simplicity of the Bible chronicles as they tell of the wanderings of the tribes of Israel and their long encampment in Kadesh-barnea. Picture after word-picture is drawn — of the spies leaving Kadesh to explore the land of Canaan; of the friction between Moses and his discontented flock; of water gushing from the rock struck by Moses' rod; of the messengers sent from Kadesh to the king of Edom, who "refused to give Israel passage through his border"; and of the departure after the Israelites had "abode in Kadesh many days" (Deut. 1:46). □

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هكذا من الأصل

NEW LIGHT ON DEAD STATION SCRAWLS

A FASCINATING group of commentators discovered last week sheds new light on a civilization which flourished here as long ago as 1974, or approximately 1,205 days ago.

Known tentatively as the "Dead Station Scrawls" (*Megilla Hahadasha Ha-Ha*) the material was unearthed at Stratum IV of Tel Tel Aviv by a team of accountants, archaeologists, soldiers, strikers, volunteers, and passing nudniks. It is still being deciphered, and scholars are far from unanimous as to what in the world it is all about.

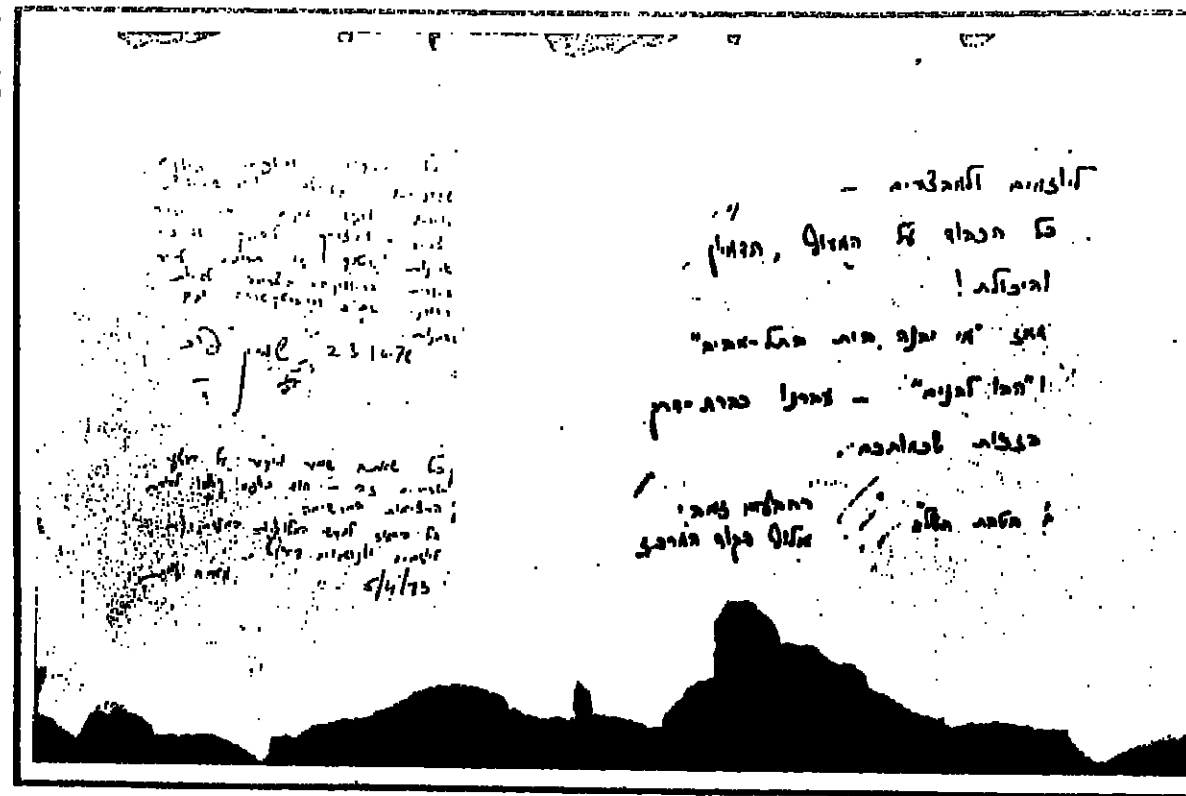
Exultantly lyrical in style, the Scrawls abound in hosannas and shouts of praise, and were undoubtedly sung and danced by the original celebrants. The word "Koor," for example, may well be a contraction of "Kino" (of *Kithura*, and the Egyptian *Knygwer*).

Of particular interest are the alleged authors of these papyrus. They include a "Shimon Peres," a "Meir Amit," a "Gad Ya'acobi," a "Rehavam Zeevi," among others. Whether these can be safely identified with historical personages appearing in other chronicles, or whether they are simply folk-heroes distilled from a common tradition of myth and legend, can as yet only be speculated.

The Scrawls appear to be printed by offset on parchment and purport to have been part of an edition of *The Jerusalem Post* tentatively dated (by radio- and television-carbon) as June 14, 1974, plus or minus some brief interlude. We are lucky that this dazzling "Book of Notables" inscriptions has survived our harsh, air-conditioned climate. Crucial segments may have been stolen by Beduin shepherds and sold to museums abroad.

Grouped by a scribe under the general heading "VIPS" ("Visionary Israeli Prophets") wrote about the Terminal ("terminal" in the sense of "terminating thing, extremity") the implication of the past tense is itself remarkable and shows clearly that these people already had a well-developed sense of history.

"It is of course too early to say conclusively," one archaeologist



told *The Post*, "but it seems evident that we are dealing with a rite involving some magnificent edifice, breathtaking in its conception and splendid in its execution."

But, he explained, scholars were as yet at a loss to understand its purpose. "True, the word 'transportation' appears in the fragments. But it should probably not be taken to mean 'transportation' in the modern sense. Rather, this whole marvellous structure—as the palmist Amir rejoiced, 'All that you hear and know of this mighty project is as sought compared to the impressive reality...'—may well have been a colossal tribal tribute to a group memory of yet earlier days, when communal caravanserais were the thing.

"The people of this period were dynamically mobile, but every man had his own camel. It is thus unlikely that there was any practical purpose in such a centralized complex, however nobly planned with its workshops, vestibules, areas for eating and music, facilities for pilgrims and money-changers and, naturally, great emphasis on spiritual needs."

Scholars have also yet to solve the contradiction between the im-

Helga Dudman

prosaic engineering capacity and the apparently cuckoo notion of putting this particular *situ* where it was *situated*.

"This may rule out conclusively any transportation function. Unless, of course, they were just looking for challenges, high building costs, and impossible approaches," said a widely published archaeologist.

Several papers are in preparation, he announced, dealing with the question of why a civilization so advanced in over-building failed to understand that simple camel sub-depots would have been far more efficient than this dazzling super-station if that is indeed what it was.

"Personally, I think it had to do with fertility rites," said a middle-aged archaeologist. "Or else, basketball."

THE NOTABLES who lent their names to the Scrawls include several generals, some captains of private industry, and for special oho a museum director named "Gamzu." His fragment, the longest, goes on and on about Art.

"All honour to the Pilz Family" (of the Coptic "Pels," the Hyksos "Platz," the Accadian root P-L-Z, conveying "shudder") appears to have been an obligatory phrase in the verses analysed. The so-called "Peres Praise" segment of the fragments is a fine example. The "Shimon Peres" figure, who in other documents appears in a cloud of technocracy, here sings "All honour to the Pilz Family for the great and impressive building which sees in its mind's eye the younger generation and the need to supply by artistic means (meaning unclear) to be first both with architecture and art." It is dated, with reasonable clarity, 23/10/72. That was a good year, and pre-dates by many a moon the total compendium.

The (then) Town Engineer's hosanna opens, "(Oh) mighty project..." and the "All Honour..." theme recurs in the "Meir Amit" fragment.

Compare this with the "Rehavam Zeevi" portion, which itself evokes songs from an even earlier period. After the "All Honour..." theme, Allegro manon troppo, the cello here rises chromatically to a

"vision...Imagination...ability..." which management was lax. Do not recall ever having read of a strike having been called to protest against faulty equipment or low safety standards. There is something perverse in our sense of values, when a fatter pay packet is worth more than our colleague's (or our own) limbs.

Because of our crippling cost-plus system, most managements seem not to mind that no fewer than four-and-a-half million workdays were lost in 1976 through work accidents. A staggering sum for those not impressed by the loss of life and limb. Quite an impact it must have had on our balance of payments.

Once a year whoever holds the job of Labour Minister says: "Tut, tut, something must be done about it." I don't remember any Commerce and Industry Minister going even that far.

That is one of the things we should get down to, now that the Belgrade ball is over. □

phrase and then, in a warmly romantic coda, reiterates the familiar litanies already then shrouded in antiquity, "Mi yone bayit b'Tel Aviv" and "Havu Ru-nol..."

MUCH WORK remains to be done. Related sites still awaiting the scholar's eye include the monumental so-called "Railway (Station)"—probably a corruption of "railway," or possibly "gallway"—thought to be part of an impressive network for "trains" ("rains?"). This is further testimony to the remarkable technical skill of the period, but once more we are at a loss as to its function. Why was this sumptuous *bama* (high place) sited so far from the centre of things? Was it intended to catch rainwater? To be used for model sailboats? To confound the enemy? An idolatrous cult-place whose local deity was the long-forgotten "Iron Horse?"

air-conditioned colonnades of "Pilz Praise" must also be explored, since contemporary documents definitely relate the "Dead (New) Central (Bus) Station" to the "Pilz-Plato" citadel in Wadi Dizengoff. This must have been a lofty complex of monolithic columns and stately air-conditioned colonnades of Byzantine construction. But again, we have only vague legends connecting these two mysterious edifices, though we know much interlocking was certainly interlocked.

Does the recurrence of "Pilz" in both the "Pilz-Plato" (Platto?) citadel and the "Pilz-Solel-Boneh-Egged" Central Station structure imply some common truffle cult (cf. the Ur-Germanic for "mushroom")? Or must more weight be given to the Platonic (Platonic?) aspect, suggesting an Aristotelian model for the idea as the basis of True Reality? (See the author's monograph, *Gyrfatic Infrastructure in the Light of Government Loans, Zeitschrift für Komische Wissenschaft*.) One thing is already abundantly clear, however: *They thought big*.

When finally assessed, these great quantities of objects (and subjects) will throw new light on many aspects of the material and spiritual culture of this fascinatingly paradoxical period. □

After the ball is over

CALEB'S COLUMN N. David Gross

(provided free of charge at every desk at Histadrut HQ) on their dreary rounds. No, the Histadrut officials argue for their fellow bureaucrats in government, university, and Jewish Agency administrations, and when production workers do get their support, it is chiefly the highest paid among them.

But workers in this country do have legitimate grievances, which are in the main ignored. I know of one enterprise which has invested hundreds of thousands of pounds in sophisticated electronic equipment and where the workers have no place to hang up a coat

And even those on the bottom rung of the prestige ladder, such as the postmen, are deserted by the unions when they dare to plead for a little extra to buy a cup of tea

and must wash in a dirty corner. The works committee has never made a fuss over this, although management quickly gave in to its demand for assistance in the high-school education of the men's children.

The strike of customs workers at Ben-Gurion Airport over the disturbing noise in their shed was one of the rare examples of such a protest: there should be more of it.

BUT WORSE THAN that. Each week in Israel, three workers are killed on the job; each year over 100,000 suffer injuries in various degrees, with 2,500 of them permanently disabled.

In some of the cases, the victims may have been to blame, but there were undoubtedly others in

which management was lax. Do not recall ever having read of a strike having been called to protest against faulty equipment or low safety standards. There is something perverse in our sense of values, when a fatter pay packet is worth more than our colleague's (or our own) limbs.

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PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster



American Blues artist Memphis Slim is currently touring the country.



Daniella Michaeli and Uri Tannenbaum in the mime sketches "Cards".

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ABOVE AND BEYOND—Actor Oded Tzumi reads excerpts from famous plays and literary works. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 81 Bezalet, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS—A bitter, searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Tuesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL—Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Niki Nital. Produced by Tel Aviv. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 81 Bezalet, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

FANSHAN—Joint Cameri and Khan production based on the book by William Hinton which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Haim Ben-Haim. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday and Monday)

THE IDIOT—The Khan Theatre's production based on the book by Dostoyevsky. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday)

PORTRAIT OF VAN GOGH—Monodrama based on the letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother, with Shimon Lev-Ari as the artist. Directed by David Baric. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 81 Bezalet, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

TEMPORARY WEDDING—Comedy by the Khan Theatre. (Binyanei Ha'Oma, Small Hall, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS—Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Nahmani Hall, Reh. Nahmani, Tuesday and Thursday 8.30 p.m.)

BORN YESTERDAY—The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how quickly comedies of this sort age, but the show is still amusing, with a great deal of pace and a remarkable performance by Gili Muni as the dumb broad who sees the light. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Thursday)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—A clever, sophisticated but essentially empty comedy, by Simon Gray, about a man who wants to spend the afternoon listening to music, but is beset by other people's problems. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

POET ON A SUITCASE—Habimah Theatre production. (Habimah, Tel Aviv, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

Aviv University, Bar Shira Hall, Saturday at 9 p.m.

LA BOHEME—Avi Toledano sings the songs of Charles Aznavour. (Beit Hataadur Hamorim, Ben Sarouk, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI—Sings songs and plays his guitar. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, tonight at midnight)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU—Musical comedy with Gad Yagil, written by Dan Almog, Dani Raviv, Yosef Silberberg, Dudu Topas and Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

MEMPHIS SLIM—The American Blues singer, on tour with Arif Shiber and Israeli singers and musicians. (Binyanei Ha'Oma, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER KANBI—Hits of the Fifties, directed by Ehud Manor. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Saturday)

THE SEBRES TROUPE—Greek folk-dance group. (Binyanei Ha'Oma, Sunday)

Evening with Arik Lavi—Songs and entertainment. (Beit Levin, 84 Weizmann, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER FESTIVAL—Humorous sketches by the comedy trio. (Tel Aviv University, Bar Shira Hall, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

SECOND RUBINSTEIN PIANO MASTER COMPETITION—First stage, last session. (Tel Aviv Museum, today, 9.30 a.m.-1 p.m. and 3 p.m.-5 p.m.; Second Stage (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday and Monday, 9.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m.-7 p.m.; Third Stage (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 p.m.) with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Elyahu Inbal, each (3 or 4) finalist will perform two concerti.

CHAMBER MUSIC (Bernstein Festival)—with Roslyn Barak, Ruth Menze, Joseph Klar, Mark Janas, Richard Lesser, Ed Gilmore, Ya'acov Mishiari, Han Eshed, Ray Parnes, Genn Pokorny, the "Rinat" National Choir, directed by Stanley Sperber. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, Saturday at 11:11 a.m.)

BERNSTEIN FESTIVAL—Chichester Psalms; Symphony No. 1 "Jeremiah"; Suite from "Candide"—with the Indiana University Chamber Opera Theatre, John Mauceri conducting, Florence Quivar, soprano; Dan Tishar, Boy Soprano; the "Rinat" National Choir; the Jerusalem Rubin Academy Choir, "Sharontit" Children's Choir (Mann Auditorium, Saturday)

ISRAELI BACH SOCIETY—Directed by Eli Fried, Works by J.S. Bach, Mozart, Schubert. (International Evang. Church, 85 Hanover, Saturday). Works by Bach, Purcell, Arias from St. Matthew and St. John Passion. (Int. Evang. Church, Sunday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Elyahu Inbal conducting, with Uri Tannenbaum, cello. Works by Tchaikovsky, Ben-Haim, Ravel. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday)

EIN GEV PASSOVER FESTIVAL at the ERGO Music Centre

HAIFA

ALIS ZULIS PARNOSE—Performed by the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. (Beit Hataadur Hamorim, Ben Sarouk, Saturday at 8.30 and 9 p.m.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN—(Haifa Municipal Theatre, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA—(Oran Theatre, Elad St., tonight at 9.30)

KRIZA—(Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pines, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOMENTS—(Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pines, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

BOIN YESTERDAY—(Givat Haim Hanahusha, Sunday)

CANFAH—(Beit Tikva, Shureit, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

COME BACK LITTLE SIBERIA—The Liah Theatre's production of William Inge's play, directed by Binyamin Zeman. (Beit Shevan, Community Centre, tonight at 9; Hishon Lezion, Tzavta, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA—(Ashdod, Beit Hagrudim, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.; Rishon LeZion, Tiferet, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; Kiryat Gat, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—(Nir David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS—(Kiryat Ata, Shavit, Tuesday)

TEMPORARY WEDDING—(Acre, Gan Eden, tonight at 9; Arad, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Shakespeare's frolic play with a large all-male cast. (Nazareth, Sunday; Shlomi, Monday; Netivot, Tuesday)

LOVE IN THE BALANCE—(Shavit Theatre, 3 Haport, tonight at 9.15)

SPECTACOL IN DISCH—With Yakov Shapiro and Mardchai Ben Zeev. (Beit Hataadur, Rehov Hagallil, Neve Sheanan, tonight at 7)

Other Towns

BONFIRE—(Kfar Sava, Beit Hatanbul, tonight at 9.30; Beit Nahum, Saturday; Kiryat Gat, Tuesday)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVI—(Holon, Rinn, tonight at 9.30)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER FESTIVAL—(Ramat Gan, Ordean, tonight at 9.30)

LA BOHEME—(Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30; Mazeret Batay, Sunday)

LOVE IN THE BALANCE—(Revivim, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

MEMPHIS SLIM—(Nubea Beach, near Nevilot, 100 km. south of Eilat, tonight, all night; Ayelet Hashahar, Sunday; Kibbutz Beeri, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Beersheba, Conservatoire, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU—(Kiryat Bialik, Be'ayon, tonight at 8.30)

THE SEBRES TROUPE—(Yifat, Beit Hatanbul, Monday at 9 p.m.; Kiryat Haim, Beit Ha'am, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Ihud Choir, Choir of Kibbutz Ha'arzi; Schoenberg: Transfigured Night, Conductor: Noam Sherif; Mozart: Requiem, Conductor: Avner Itai (tonight at 9)

KIBBUTZ CHOIRS—Ha'arzi, Ihud, Kibbutz Dance Troupe. Works by Bach, Haydn, Vivaldi, Brahms, Yehuda Engel and others. (Saturday at 10.30 a.m.)

FESTIVE CONCERT—In honour of 60th anniversary of the Kibbutz Movement. The Kibbutz Orchestra, conducted by Noam Sherif, with Margalit Gafni, flute; the Kibbutz Artistic Choir, conducted by Rachel Kohn; the Ihud Choir, conducted by Avner Itai. Works by Avni, Bach, Mozart, Hajdu and Quarta. (Saturday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA: Kalman Die Bajadere (Tel Aviv, Saturday and Sunday)

Fucchini La Boheme (Tel Aviv, Monday)

Fucchini Madama Butterfly (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

For last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

A

WHO COULD possibly be interested this morning, after last night's game, in my opinion of the state of the nation at the beginning of the week, when these lines were written? Did Maccabi Tel Aviv prove themselves the best basketball team in all Europe, or only second best? Were our opening five all imprisoned by Tito's secret police as suspected Zionist agents? Is a diet of *kneidlach* conducive to good basketball?

All this will be known by this morning, and it will also absorb your attention tomorrow, the last day of Pesach, on the beach or in the synagogue. The Song of the Sea to be recited in both places will become the Song of the Danube, either a triumphant psalm, like the original, or a dirge: By the Waters of Beograd we sat down and wept, when we remembered we didn't get even partial exemption from travel tax.

One would have thought, by the number of strikes in recent weeks,

PAGE TEN

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1977

DANCE

THE ISRAELI BALLET—La Fille Mal Gardée (Joseph Lazhinov, Accompanied by the Nefanya Orchestra. (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RAT DOR DANCE COMPANY—Works choreographed by Daniel Reiter-Soffer, Gene Hill Sagan and Charles Garmy. (Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvrol, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SONGS AND STORIES WE LOVE—(Jerusalem Theatre, today at 10)

TRUMBOLINA—Talpi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaye. (Petah Tikva, Shalom, today at 11; Kiryat Gat, Wednesday at 1.30 p.m.)

TZAVTA STORIES—Children's cabaret stories in music, movement and dance. (Jerusalem, Tzavta, 38 King George, today at 11.30)

FOR CHILDREN

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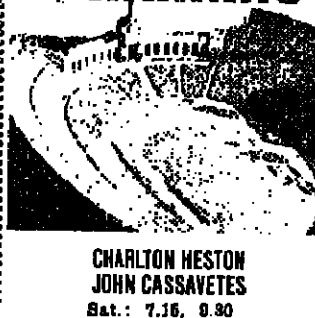
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

הכרזה מן הארץ

Tel Aviv Cinemas

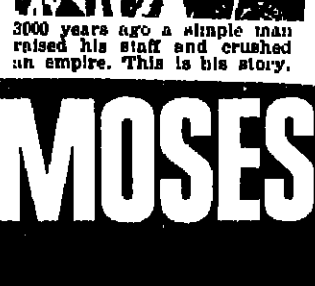
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MOSES

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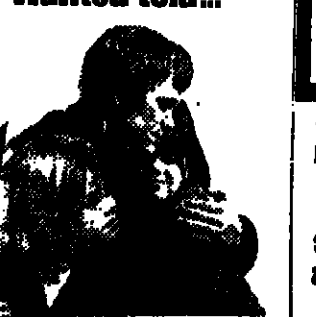
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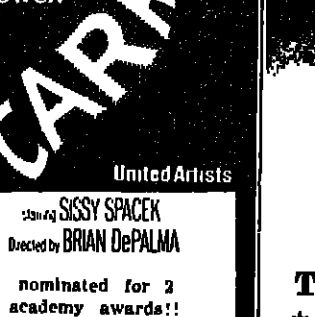
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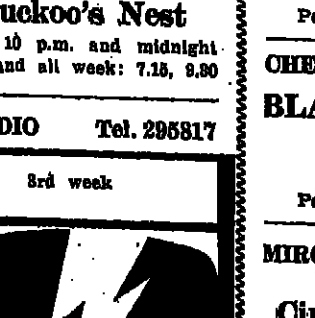
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SWEDISH GIRL
7.15, 9.30
Mon. & Wed. also at
4.30 p.m.

SWEDISH GIRL



Newsstar Howard Beale, (Peter Finch) faints and is helped by Max Schmacker (William Holden) left, in 'Network'.

FILMS IN BRIEF

CHINATOWN - An unorthodox, com-
plicated and rather intriguing thriller set in
Los Angeles of the late 'thirties with Jack
Nicholson as a private eye and Faye
Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom
he gets involved. Directed by Roman
Polanski.

COUSIN, COUSINE - Light, whimsical
comedy, not important but
agreeable with some well observed detail.
Directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella with
Marie-Françoise Barrault, Marie-Françoise
Pialat and Victor Lanoux. In French.

LOGAN'S RUN - Futurist film set in the
23rd century in a huge domed city. With
Peter Ustinov. Directed by Michael Anderson.

THE MAGIC FLUTE - Ingmar Bergman's
adaptation of the Mozart opera takes a
number of liberties with the original text but
is mostly a joy, full of spirit and showing
the fairytale quality of this complicated
allegory of the light between good and evil.
Musical performance and acting are of high
standard. Not to be missed.

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN - Walt
Disney fantasy about two orphans who possess
supernatural powers. Plenty of special
effects.

BLACKBEARD'S GHOST - 1967 hilarious
Walt Disney comedy, with Peter Ustinov as
the ghost.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS - Old-
fashioned style Western about the legendary
Buffalo Bill Cody, giving behind the scenes
view of the Wild West Show. Stars Paul New-
man, Joel Grey, Burt Lancaster, Geraldine
Chapman. Directed by Robert Altman.

DR. ZHIVAGO - Touching story based on
Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class
doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved
with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-
Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie
Christie, Rod Taylor and Geraldine Chaplin.
Beautifully filmed.

THE FORTUNE COOKIE - Comedy
directed by Billy Wilder with Jack Lemmon
as a TV photographer who gets knocked out
by Nicholson as a private eye and Faye
Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom
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Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 9, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224820
Marx Brothers
at the Races

EDEN Tel. 223829
4th week
Producer
MENACHEM GOLAN'S
MOVIE
**OPERATION
THUNDERBOLT**
Saturday 0.45-0.15
Weekdays 4-6.45-9.15

HARIRAH Tel. 232800
2nd week
at 4, 7, 9.15
★ BURT LANCASTER
★ ANTHONY QUAYLE
★ INGRID THULIN
★ IRENE PAPPAS
★ LAURENT TERZIEFF



2000 years ago a simple man
raised his staff and crushed
an empire. This is his story.

MOSES

A "Seven Stars" release

JERUSALEM
2nd week
BARRY LYNDON
RYAN O'NEIL
MARISA BERENSON
6 and 9 p.m.

ORNA Tel. 224738
3rd week
4.30-9.00
BARBARA STREISAND
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
in a musical drama
A STAR IS BORN

EDISON Tel. 224056
from Saturday 6.47 only
one performance 8.45
weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
The great Indian Fleure
BARODO
with RIMMI CAPUR
(from Baby)
and SHUMIA ANNAD
(the Beauty)
Two hours joyful
entertainment
in colour

MITCHELL
6th week
**A Thief from
a Thief is
Innocent**
ZEEV REVAH
JACK COHEN
7-9
Wednesday also at 4.00

ORGIL Tel. 234176
JACK NICHOLSON
4.45, 9.15
**One Flew Over the
Cuckoo's Nest**

ORION Tel. 223914
3rd week
LOUIS DE FUNES
in his hilarious comedy -
**L'AILLE
OU LA CUISSE**

RON Tel. 234704
2nd week
FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT'S
POCKET MONEY

SEMADEH 2nd week
ROBERT DE NIRO
7, 9.15 p.m.
TAXI DRIVER

For the first time in 42 years,
ONE film sweeps ALL the
MAJOR ACADEMY AWARDS



JACK NICHOLSON
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
A HALLOW FORTH FILM JACK NICHOLSON in "ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST"
Starring LOUIS FLETCHER and WILLIAM REDFIELD - Screenplay LAWRENCE HAZEN and ED GIBBMAN
Based on the novel by KEN Kesey - Director of Photography GREGG KESLEY - Music JACK NICHOLSON
Produced by SUE LLOYD and MICHAEL DOUGLAS - Directed by MILES FORMAN United Artists

Jerusalem residents!! By popular request!!
Starting Sat. night, April 9
ORGIL, Jerusalem
6.45, 9.15

Indonesian specialties...
DISCOVER A NEW STYLE OF DINING
Indonesia
DINING ROOM
home of the "rijst-tafel" in Israel!
IN THE WELL-KNOWN FRIENDSHIP CLUB
4 LEBON HAYES - HERLYA PRINCE 038197
EVERNINGS 8.00 - SUNDAY MONDAYS
CANDLE LIGHT - BACKGROUND MUSIC - HEATED AIR CONDITIONED * RESERVATIONS SUGGESTED

"rijst-tafel"
(9 dishes)
"45-
per person

IZIGAN'S SATIRICAL
THEATRE
S.DZIGAN

and grand company
in a topical political satire
**M'LEKT NISHT
KAIN HONIK
(Not on Honey
Do They Feed)**
Director: Dani Lital
Musical Direction: A. Lustig
Decor: Adina Ralch

Tel. Aviv, "Nahmani"
Tomorrow, Sat. night, April 9
7.00 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

Holon, "Armon"
Tonight, Fri., April 8, 8.45 p.m.

Hadera, "Eor"
Mon., April 11, 8.30 p.m.

Petah Tikva, "Heichal"
Wed., April 13, 8.30 p.m.

Haifa, "Oran"
Friday, April 15, 9.00 p.m.

The Israel National Opera
T.A., Allenby Rd., Tel. 03-57221
T.A., 9.4, 12.4, 16.4
DIE BAJADER/OPERA
T.A., 11.4 LA BOHEME
T.A., 14
MADAMA BUTTERFLY
Opera by Fugini

مكذبا من الأصل

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

WEDNESDAY

Ann Frank

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INMENT!

ICE-COLD MACCABEE BEER! THAT'S.. ENTERTAINMENT!

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL18.32 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs IL44.40 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognised advertising agencies.

Jerusalem

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands. Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department: Keren Kayemet LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund) in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 02-35201. In Tel Aviv, 56 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 02-234449.

CONDUCTED TOURS

Hadasah Tours
1 Medical Centre at 9.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building No charge. Buses 10 and 27.
2 Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours 8.30 a.m., 1.00 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 418111.
3 Morning half-day tour of all Hadasah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 418333.
Tourists and Visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 823201.
American Mizrahi Women, Omer Tours — Jerusalem — Tel. 221088, 222445.
American Peylin. Tours of youth projects and Peylin-founded educational in-

situations. Tel. 02-521433, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.
Emunah-World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation. Headquarters: 26 Rehov Ben Maimon, Tel. 02-62498, 30620, 111888.
MISCELLANEOUS
Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schmeller Wood, Roma. Tel. 533-22, 7.30 a.m. — dusk.
Jerusalem Hilton and Intercontinental. The only Jewellers in Israel with a world-wide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.
The Wise Shop, 34 Rehov Yafu. Original handcrafted gifts and ritual objects.

Tel Aviv

CONDUCTED TOURS

American Mizrahi Women. Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 220187, 243108.
Emunah — World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation: "Kastel," 108 Rehov Ben Maimon, Tel. 460316, 788942.
World Wito Tourist Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 232939, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Canadian Hadasah-Wise Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 227080, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Pioneer Women — Ne'amat. Free morning tours Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 281111, ext. 290.
Tel Aviv
Magen David Adom in Israel
Headquarters: 30 Rehov Givorel, Israel, Tel. 418111. Please call 30222 between 8.10 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. for arrangements to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adom institutions.

ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 233231, 782291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233275; ORT Netanya, Tel. 22922.
Tel Aviv University, Escorted Tours. Call Guest Section, Tel. 03-423741, 10 a.m.-12 noon for appointment.

MISCELLANEOUS
The Wise Shop, 34 Rehov Yafu. Original handcrafted gifts and ritual objects.
Tel Aviv Hilton. The only Jewellers in Israel with a world-wide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.
"AF-AL-PI" Illegal Immigration & Naval Museum, 204 Allenby Rd. Sun & Tues. 9.00-4.00 p.m.; Mon. & Thurs. 9.00 a.m.-3.00 p.m.; Wed. 9.00-3.30 p.m.; Fri. 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m. Sat. closed.

Haifa

The Wise Shop, 9 Rehov Nordau. Original handcrafted gifts and ritual objects.
Goldman's Gallery, 93 Bd. Hananah. Last week of exhibition of Wallhangings: in cooperation with Maatit. Artists featured: Yacov Agam, Moshe Castel, Yonatan Simon, Yael Dayan, and other well known artists.

Rehovot

Weismann Institute of Science — Conducted tours, Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

The Collector
A small number of precisely the kind of people we're looking for... those who seek quality and elegance in their lives. And in their art.

While others are napping... visit
the GALLERY
54 hanevim st.
jerusalem
Open 12 noon-5 p.m.
Monday to Thursday,
half a block up from Mashek

BEIT HAMLIN

ADARON LAMLEH
30 Rehov Weizmann, Tel Aviv

Sun., April 10
Folk Dancing, 7.00-8.30 p.m.
8.30-10.00 p.m.
Arts & Crafts, 7.00-8.00 p.m.
Social Games, 8.00-10.00 p.m.
Thurs., April 12
Social Dancing (over 40), 8.00-10.00 p.m.
Thurs., April 14
Parents without Partners, 8.00-10.00 p.m.

Opening:
— A new beginners group for Folk Dancing
Sun., April 10, 7.00 p.m.
Everyone welcome!
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Introductory meeting,
Thurs., April 14

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BAR-ILAN UNIVERSITY

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Second Degree Course

In the following subjects — Academic Year 5738

JEWISH STUDIES — Bible*, Talmud, Oral Law (women students), History of Israel, General History, Hebrew Language and Semitic Languages*, Hebrew Literature*

HUMANITIES — Jewish Philosophy, General Philosophy, Comparative Literature*, English*, Arabic*, French*, Musicology*

SOCIAL SCIENCES — Education*, Economics — Theory*, Economics — Business Administration*, Political Science*, Sociology*, Social Work*, Psychology***, Geography

NATURAL SCIENCES — Chemistry, Mathematics — Computer Science*, Physics, Life Sciences (Biochemistry, Microbiology, Botany, Zoology)

TRANSLATION DIPLOMA — Written translation and oral interpreting** (including simultaneous translation) in Hebrew, English, French

LIBRARIANSHIP DIPLOMA — For qualified librarians

* One of two streams leading to a second degree may be chosen: a. Stream A — with thesis, b. Stream B — no thesis. c. b. Economics — Business Administration and Oral Law only Stream B is available.

** Registration for the PSYCHOLOGY Department (clinical, educational, rehabilitation, social-industrial, experimental-general trends) closes on Friday, April 15, 1977. Positively no extensions.

*** Registration for the SCHOOL OF EDUCATION closes on Friday, May 20, 1977.

Registration for the TRANSLATION DIPLOMA and LIBRARIANSHIP DIPLOMA closes on Friday, July 27, 1977.

Additional information regarding the various streams, the requirements specific to each subject, the registration arrangements and the studies regulations are available from the Second Degree Committee, Bar-Ilan University, Ramat Gan.

Accepted candidates will be able to fulfil some of the requirements for Jewish Studies and foreign languages in the Summer School, 5737.

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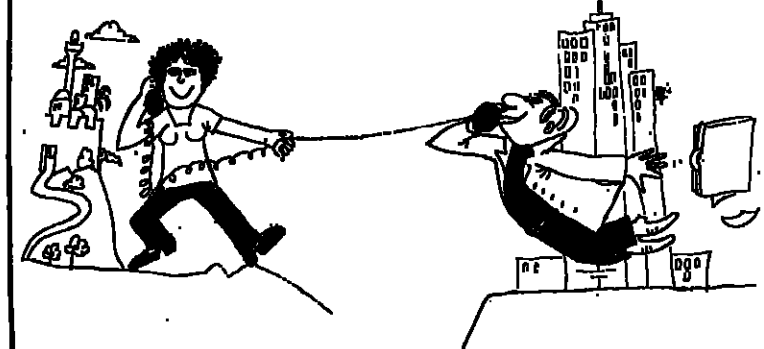
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Tuesday, April 12, 6-8 p.m.

THE JERUSALEM POST

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Immigration Department
Unit for the Return of Israelis



Would you be willing to help us contact your Israeli relatives/friends who have gone abroad, and who could possibly be interested in returning to Israel?

To make the connection, put them in contact with the Immigration Shali'ah nearest their place of residence, or send us their address.

Details on ways of helping are available from our office, P.O.B. 7384, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-62421.

TEL AVIV, Bat-Dor Hall, 8.30 p.m.
Monday, April 11 Tuesday, April 12
Tickets: Bat-Dor office, Tel. 263175

Spring Festival

Jerusalem Theatre
Saturday, April 23, 8.30 p.m.

Tickets: Cahana: Tel. 02-222831, and at the box office on the evening of the performance.

Tel Aviv Subscription Series — 3 performances

Booking: 30 Rehov Ibn Gabirol, Tel Aviv
Tel. 03-263175

Haifa Subscription Series

First Performance: April 28

Tickets and booking: Garber, Mt. Carmel.
Tel. 04-84777

BAT-DOR DANCE COMPANY

Israel film archive · jerusalem cinemathèque

Novels Into Film
CLOCKWORK ORANGE — Stanley Kubrick
THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDLEY KRAVITZ — Ted Kotcheff
THE CONFORMIST — Bernardo Bertolucci
RASHOMON — Akira Kurosawa
TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT — George Cukor
JANE EYRE — Robert Stevenson
THE SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? — Sydney Pollack

Screenings: M. Shoshan Auditorium, Beit Agnon, 27 Rehov Hillel

Ammunition in the soup

LONG-TIME Jerusalem residents still remember the Cooperative Restaurant on Rehov Hahistadrut, an old-fashioned workers' eating place where middle-aged waitresses carried loaded trays in and out of the kitchen and told you what to eat. To the sorrow of many, the Hahistadrut saw fit to make itself more "modern" and replaced this landmark with Sovo, a bourgeois self-service cafeteria of stainless steel and plate glass. One cannot help but wonder what happened to those waitresses.

Taking trays and getting into line, we noticed that most of our fellow diners were tourists. Some were even members of groups who had been provided with coupons for their meals. In view of this, it was especially unsettling to find the staff rather impatient for us to make our choice and get on with it.

I BEGAN with chicken soup which was not bad at all. Evidently the large amount of boiled chicken served has something to do with this fact. As for the matza balls, however, I can only say that if the Israel Defence Forces run short of ammunition, I can tell them where to go. My companion tried the chopped liver which was better than it looked. It wasn't like mother used to make, but it was better than that found in many of the more pretentious places.

Also not so bad was the stuffed cabbage which I tried for the main course. From the selection of soggy overcooked vegetables, I chose green beans and mashed potatoes.

My companion was less lucky with the meatballs. I suppose Sovo should get some marks for using a different mixture for stuffed cabbage and meatballs, but the latter was really of a rather strange consistency and rather nasty tasting.

Both meals seemed to us unnecessarily heavy, but perhaps this is only to be expected of food which has been sitting long hours in warming pans.

For dessert, I had a rather nice fresh fruit salad, though it had a few pieces of tinned fruit thrown in. My companion had stewed plums, a tribute to Israel's canners.

The bill for two, including a soft drink and fruit soup, came to IL88. Perhaps Sovo really does fill a need in serving unadventurous tourists who like rather tame food. □

H.L.S.

DINING OUT

RESTAURANTS

Jerusalem

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Tel Aviv

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Sea-Food Restaurant, Saturdays too.

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206 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel. 284804

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Full Course Meal from IL33.30 Incl. Lunchtime Bar:

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ART GUIDE

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL18.32 per line including VAT; publication every Friday over a period of a month costs IL44.40 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognised advertising agencies.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum
Exhibitions: De Stijl; Jacques Carelman — Objects Intercultural: New Acquisitions in the Department of Prints and Drawings; Chava Epstein Stories and Pictures — Youth Wing: Our Pupils at Work 1977 — Youth Wing: Binnos Ekeel — Gerasim — Jewellery: Christo — Wrapped Coast: Mesopotamia. At the Rockefeller: Roman Mosaic Pavement from Nabulus 3rd-4th Century C.E. Special exhibit: Mosaic floor with a Mithras, 8th cent. C.E.; Jewellery from a Roman tomb, Jerusalem, late 2nd/early 3rd cent. C.E.
Visiting hours: Israel Museum & Rockefeller: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. Shrine of the Book & Billy Rose Art Garden: 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Israel Museum 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Rockefeller: Sun., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Israel Museum & Rockefeller: Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.
Tickets for Saturdays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, ticket agencies throughout the country and at major hotels in Jerusalem. Library open: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Tues. 4-8 p.m.
FREE GUIDED TOURS (English) Sun. and Wed., 11 a.m. from upper entrance hall, main entrance.

GALLERIES

Gallerie Vision Nouvelle, Y. and Y. Hamlache. Khutast Hayotzer, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-419984, 280031.

Gallery Armon, Kikar Batei Mahese, Old City. Sculpture, bronze reliefs on glass, graphics by Itzhak Ofer. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m. Friday, Saturday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS

Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelech: Aviva Uri, drawings; a tribute to Sam Zacks, drawings, paintings, sculpture from the collection of Sam and Aviva Zacks. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 4 Rehov Tarsat: "Gypsy" photographs, Josef Kudejka; Work of designer Dan Rotenberg. 1977-78.
Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tues., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-10 p.m.; (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m.); Friday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.); Sat. 7-11 p.m.
Ha'aretz Museum Tel Aviv
1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv: Glass Museum; Kadman Numismatic Museum; Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science

and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; Alphabet Museum; Lasky Planetarium; Nechushtan Pavilion — Timna Excavations; Tel Qasile Excavations.
SURREALISM IN CERAMICS, sculpture by David Morris, 5th Hahofel, Ceramics Museum.
2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafu, 10 Rehov Mitrats Shimon.
3) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafu, 27 Rehov Bialik.
All Museums open Sun.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m. On Sat. admission free. Planetarium closed.

GALLERIES

Today's Antiques Gallery Ltd. 173 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 234059. Fabergé objects, Russian enamel, jewelry, rare watches, clocks, gold boxes, statuettes, etc.

CAESAREA

Visit Gila Gallery, Old City. Caesarea. Tel. 063-48439, for really beautiful oil paintings and water colours.

Other Centres

New Shebar Gallery, Paintings, sculpture, graphics by Moshe Avia. Permanent exhibition; signed serigraph prints. Haifa. Tel Aviv road, 5 km. north of Netanya.

ROSENFELD GALLERY, 147 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel Aviv

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Be'erna — London, 1895-1949

Open until April 14, 1977.

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Gordon Gallery II

Rehov Natan Hahacham, Tel Aviv, Tel. 240383

Adler, Arikha, Aroch, Chagall, Druks, Garbul, Karavan

Krakauer, Kupferman, Rafi Lavie, Levanon, Lifshitz, Mairovich, Pascin

Picasso, Reder, Sandhaus, Y. Shemi, Ticho, Aviva Uri, Zaritsky

Gordon Gallery I

29 Rehov Gordon, Tel Aviv, Tel. 247484 From April 14: Rafi Lavie

Tel. April 19: Sandhaus

BETTER RESULTS

הלוח הכפול

הלוח הכפול

דיעות אחדות

דיעות אחדות

IN COOPERATION WITH
THE JERUSALEM
POST

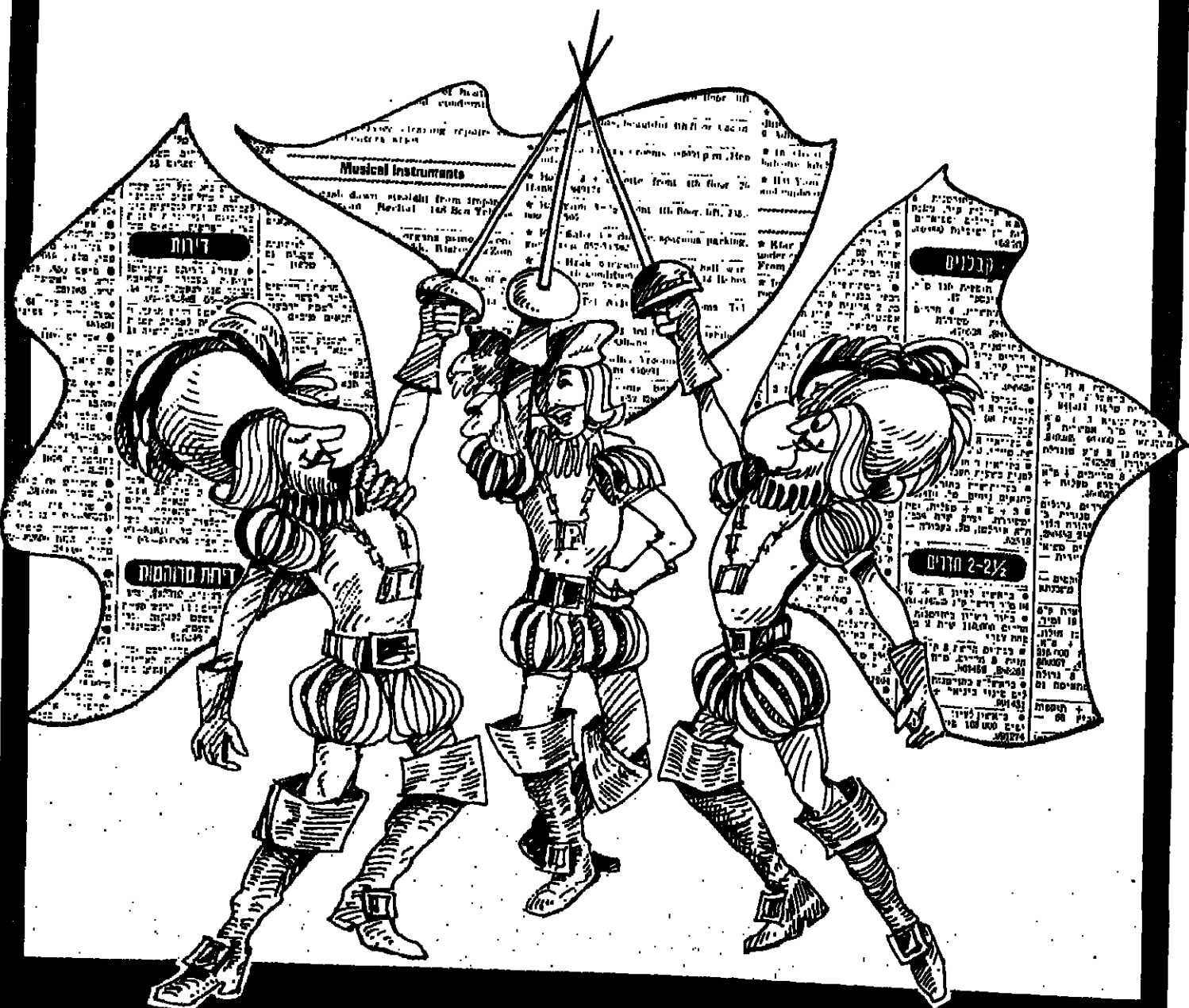
BIGGEST,
MORE WIDELY READ,
MORE EFFICIENT.

IN COOPERATION WITH
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BIGGEST,
MORE WIDELY READ,
MORE EFFICIENT.

Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Haluah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Haluah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



THE MIGHTY COMBINATION

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FILMS IN BRIEF

(continued from page 6)

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue centering around a foreign concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldstein from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

NASHVILLE — Dazzling country-western musical in which Nashville represents another Hollywood. Robert Altman, who produced and directed the film, focuses both the positive and the negative aspects of the American Dream — the obsession with materialism and celebrity beneath its glittering surface.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Invented in TV parlance are Peter Finch, who portrays a network's top executive, a top executive, and Faye Dunaway, a top network officer.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST — Based on Ken Kesey's novel about a man's (Jack Nicholson) revolt against the system in a lunatic asylum. Jack Nicholson and Louise Fletcher (this nurse) received Academy Awards for their performance.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — A Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This film stars Israeli actors including some famous Cabinet members. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.

POCKET MONEY — A series of sketches about children at a school in a small town in the center of France which takes on an intimate and sometimes disconcerting look at the secret world of children. Director Jacques Truffaut gets astonishingly natural performances from his young cast and even the who do not usually care for child actors: films about children will find this picture worthwhile. In French.

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING — Norman Jewison's hilarious comedy about a Russian submarine that comes too close to America. With Carl Reiner, Eva Marie Saint, and Arklin.

SILENT MOVIE — Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director going to make a silent movie in Hollywood. He goes on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

A STAR IS BORN — Rock version of the Hollywood classic with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson as the superstars.

TAXI DRIVER — Frustration and loneliness lead to violence, as a psychopath taxi-driver (Robert De Niro) becomes a murderer. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Screenplay by Paul Schrader.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Release of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 classic comedy about a Jewish troupe which gets involved in late national affairs in wartime Poland. Starring Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Why not netting still impact making. A release well worth seeing.

WALKING TALL — Over-violent, but moving film based on the true-life adventures of Sheriff Buford Pusser, who succeeded against all the odds in smashing a criminal empire in Tennessee's McNairy County. He became a folk-hero. Joe Don Baker, as the Sheriff.

Special film showings:

CINECITY — Short experimental film (Jerusalem, Pargod Pocket Theatre, 10, 10:30, Tuesday at 9:30)

CLOCKWORK ORANGE — Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film about violence and sex. In a cold, surreal setting (Jerusalem Cinematheque, today at 8)

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL — Excellent on-screen in suspense based on the Frederick Forsyth best-seller. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 and 8:30 p.m.)

FAREWELL MY LOVELY — Durable Robert Mitchum gives his best performance in years as a private eye Philip Marlowe, in this third screen version of Raymond Chandler's celebrated mystery novel. Set in 1943 Los Angeles — with the novel beautifully caught by director Dick Richards — first half is gripping entertainment, but the pace slackens somewhat later. The expert cast includes Charlotte Rampling ("The Night Porter"). (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2:30 p.m.)

FRITZ THE CAT — Comic strip by Robert Crumb who, using animals as the main protagonists, satirizes aspects of present-day life in the U.S.A., with enough freedom to have earned the film an "X" certificate (Jerusalem Khan, tonight at 9 and 11:30)

NO LESS than one out of every four shops and cafes on Tel Aviv's Rehov Dizengoff bears a foreign name. The stomping ground for cafe loungers, shoppers and strollers has developed a delectable "cosmopolitan" Hebraicized "international" facade, inspired by a growing trend for things foreign. Soon, if the trend continues, cafe and shop fronts with Hebrew names will be the exception.

By foreign names we do not, of course, refer to the names of proprietors, but to names like "Piccadilly," "Optique Française," "Broadway," "Cafe Ch. Elysee," "Paris St. Tropez," "Acapulco," or "Numero Uno" — to mention only a few. We listed them all, one warm evening, in an expedition along the busy cafe and shopping boulevard. Pad in hand and ignoring the suspicious stares of shopkeepers and promenaders, we covered the bright stretch of Dizengoff, from the Kikar to Jabotinsky, where the lights of the *dolce vita* fade and then back again, this time on the other side of the street.

The more we walked, the more we marvelled at the miracle of the revival of our ancient tongue, seeing so graphically the forces working against that unique historical achievement. Were Eliezer Ben Yehuda, the Hebrew language missionary, alive today, he would pull down the nearby street-sign bearing his name.

WHEN PEACE comes, Meidan predicted, we'll be seeing lots of cafes named after places in the Arab countries. Then there will probably also be a "Dizengoff" cafe in Cairo or Abu Dahl.

The *shmitta*, or boutique people, must have taken a crash course in consumer psychology or mythology. With inspired invention in weighty spontaneity, they offer such spellbinders as "Oh, la la," "Mash," "Bus Stop," "New Look," "Beauty," "You," "Clique" (for girls), "What else," "Patachou," "If," "Miss D," "Antelope" (for men), "Jupiter"

THE HEAT-WAVE penetrated the cafe and curled up under our shirts. Ervinke lolled in his chair, his eyes staring out vacantly at the empty pavement, his soul filled with ennui.

"Come on," I suggested, "Let's go buy a lottery ticket." "What for?" said Ervinke wearily. "To win 150,000? I need a million..." "So go rob the National Bank." "Right," said Ervinke, getting up. "Let's. Walter!"

AT 1.30 A.M. we were all set and ready to go. The four pros we'd hired at Big Bunny's — the Hassidov twins, known as two of the most respected safecrackers in the country, "Twiggy" Tornado, and Gaby (Buster) Goldbloom — were waiting by the gate of the National on Blalk Street, their faces concealed behind black masks, the tools of their trade at hand. The gate was a reinforced steel affair, its surface gleaming in the blaze of floodlights trained upon it from three points along the street.

Buster began laying out the dynamite charges at the foot of the gate, while I pushed back the crowd of curious onlookers. "Please," I kept begging, "we've got a job to do." Naturally they didn't yield an inch — they weren't Tel Avivians for nothing.

"Hey," they kept asking me, "what's gonna happen here?" "The National Bank robbery," I explained. "The perfect crime." "You don't say!" Ervinke sat in a folding chair opposite the floodlit gate, complete with cigar, eyeshade and binoculars. Before I forget: a movie-camera mounted on a professional-looking tripod stood at his side. Ervinke was giving the camera crew their instructions: "Ready, fellas?" he mouthed, in an accent no doubt formed by a pair of borrowed American ancestors. "The minute this gate blows, you all rush through on the double. I don't wanna waste film on no retakes. Any fuzz around here?"

"Yessir." A patrolman attracted to the spot by the crowd saluted smartly. "I'm here, sir." "See to it I ain't disturbed, my man," Ervinke told him, then turned to his crew and barked: "Okay, let her roll!"

Our efficient patrolman was holding the mob in check, and halting traffic at the street corner to prevent any disturbance of the peace. I myself stood in front of the camera holding up a board with the chalked inscription: *The Great Bank Robbery — Ext. take 4. Shot 1.*

I WENT "CLICK," and Buster lit the fuse. The crowd fell silent as the camera — not, as a matter of fact, loaded, but whirring merrily for all that — followed the flame's progress along the fuse. Then came a huge blast, and the National steel gate shuddered, tore out of its hinges and crashed to the ground with a deafening roar. A moment later the figure of a man loomed up through the smoke and staggered blindly towards the fallen gate.

"Help!" bawled the night watchman at the top of his lungs. "Robbers! Police! Help!"

Abroad on Dizengoff

Shalom Cohen

with its "American-style" myrrh and "Italian-type" frankincense, they still speak Hebrew for all that.

Predominant among the establishments affecting wider horizons are, of course, the cafes and restaurants and the mushrooming boutiques. But footwear, too, fits better under the auspices of a foreign name, jewellery shines brighter, and even furniture gets to look more chic. Here and there, a few isolated boutiques have held out with their square Hebrew names.

Moving on in this dreamworld of taxless travel we pass "Montana" (ice cream), "Capri" (cafe), "Rimini" (restaurant), "Tivoli" (pizzeria), "Hollywood" (fashions) and other legendary spots like "New York" (restaurant) where, as we recall, you can find eateries with names like "Netanya."

The evocative foreign names are accompanied, modestly, by transliterations in Hebrew, sometimes in fine print in defiance of the law stipulating prominence for Hebrew on such signs.

THE DETERIORATION started soon after the founding of the State. The penchant for foreign names reflected the bad taste of the shop-owners, but also of the public. Meidan knows how Israel Radio has to fight to keep out foreign-language intrusions in its spot commercials. He is incensed by the widespread use of foreign terms in restaurant menus. The Academy's Kitchen Committee has provided a glossary of "thousands" of Hebrew words.

And, come to think of it, why *avilic* fish and not *day mepulac*? It's anti-Hebrew. And do they think Sephardim should learn Yiddish? he asked. The pre-State Yishuv was more sensitive about our Hebrew heritage.

Most local cigarettes bear foreign names, like Ascot, Nelson, Broadway, and so forth. But this was also the case in pre-State days, possibly — as Meidan suggested — because of the competition with imported brands. "Listen," the Academy official went on, "we issued a guide for people who want to Hebraicize their names. Once I had a telephone call from a man named Mizrahi who wanted advice about changing it. I told him Pomerantz, and hung up." He also had a similar request from a man named Levy.

IT'S HAPPENED before, this fashion for imitating things foreign, Meidan pointed out. Like the Hellenistic influence in Second Temple times. The Middle-Eastern peoples at that time weren't as keen on Plato or Euripides as they were on the external trappings of Greek culture. If the present trend continues, it will serve to consolidate Levantinism — the aping of the external of alien cultures.

It's happening elsewhere in this shrinking world, but perhaps we are more vulnerable. We shouldn't forget, however, that the revival of the Hebrew language and the remarkable way it took root, was nothing short of a miracle. So what can be done about it? "We're not going to pull down signs," said Meidan. "It's up to the public, the pace-makers, the

On the brighter side, we remarked how quickly most Hebrew words catch on. The official nodded his agreement. "Sometimes too much so," he added.

For instance, the late David Ben-Zur coined the term *keana* to apply specifically to a session of the Knesset, but it has come to be used for anything and everything, including conferences.

Faced with the infiltration of foreign words, is the Academy up to the mark in its supply of necessary new words? The late Moshe Sharet, who was also a noted wordsmith, used to accuse the Academy of insufficient output. Some new words take months before they are approved.

We learned from another Academy member that there was a heated argument over the new word for labour-dispute "sanctions" — *itzumim*. It happened that two different Academy committees were meeting at the same time; the one on legal terms came up with *itzumim* for "sanctions" in the true legal sense. A committee for the media was dealing with labour "sanctions," and took over *itzumim*.

When a committee is split over a word, the word is brought before the Academy plenum, which convenes five times a year. A majority of the 30 or so present at the plenum approved *itzumim*, but some heads are still shaking at the Academy.

What's going on at Dizengoff is one thing, but what about the Academy's own Greek name? That's an old chestnut, but we couldn't resist it. Anyway, like Dizengoff, it's kinda Hebrew. There's nothing so successful as a miracle. Any more for the Ole Tezas leben parlour? □

A safe job

Ephraim Kishon

"Great! Terrific!" Ervinke yelled back encouragingly. "Keep going, fella! Louder! Let's see some panic! Splendid!"

Twiggy leaped for the watchman and whammed him over the head with a monkey-wrench. The man doubled up, slumped to the ground and was still.

"Stop," Ervinke gave a satisfied nod and waved to the cameraman. "Nice shot, fella." Our audience was absolutely thrilled: most of them had never seen a real live movie crew in action before. Inevitably, we had our critics too.

"This guard chappie wasn't convincing. Like too restrained he was," one bystander argued. "And anyhow, me, I couldn't catch a word he said." "Wise up," his neighbour told him. "They stick in the voice separate in the studio. Right, mister?"

"Stand back there," called Ervinke, "we ain't got all night. This job's got to be wrapped up by dawn." A few sleepy residents appeared on the set.

"Another movie?" they grumbled. "Anybody feels like it up and

makes a bloody movie around here. Why can't they shoot the bloody stuff in their studios?" "Poof," snorted the old hands in the crowd. "You got any idea how much it'd cost them to put up the National Bank in the studio? What do you think this is — Hollywood?"

One sophisticated suggested we edit the liquidation of the watchman out of the finished product, or the censor would rate it Adults Only. Some wanted to know whether the script had been okayed, and I replied it was still a bit of a toss-up. Others again were trying to guess which actor was behind which mask. The cop asked was this a foreign production.

"Nope. Strictly local," said Ervinke. "So who's putting up the money?" "The Government."

One bright boy enquired whether we'd taken care of the continuity, and I told him sure, they were already shooting the next scenes inside.

"SILENCE, please!" cried Ervinke. "I gotta get the alarm on my sound-track. Okay — go!" The camera was moved to the gap at the entrance, and the Hassidov brothers crawled through. Twenty seconds later the alarm came loud and clear.

"Cut!" bellowed Ervinke, and the twins promptly cut the wires and the ringing stopped. Some bystander observed sarcastically how that was exactly what they did in every American gangster movie, but I told him he should allow Israeli artists could think up something original too.

Meanwhile, it was getting harder and harder to keep the mob in check. People kept touching our equipment, moving in front of the floodlights, asking dumb questions, and generally doing their Tel Aviv thing. We were thankful to see the squad car with some of Tel Aviv's finest coming to our aid.

"Please," people kept begging us over the cops' linked arms, "we want to be in the picture too." We picked five sturdy lads and gave them permission to follow the camera crew inside.

Our volunteers gave a hand turning the huge steel safe on its side, and stood grinning in front of the camera to get their mugs on film. Ervinke had to make a dozen retakes of the Hassidov twins boring holes through the safe, because they kept swearing at having to work by floodlight.

The final shots were made around 4 a.m.: *Getaway with cash — Int. take 9. Shot 18.*

WE PACKED our suitcase with 15,000,000 in neat bundles. Then we dismantled the equipment, loaded it on the truck and drove off to the loud cheering of the crowd.

"Ciao," the squad sergeant called after us, "and send us a couple tickets to the show, huh?"

Ervinke gave him a weary salute. It had been an exhausting job, and he felt he'd earned every penny of the 15,000,000 he got as producer. Who says there's no future for the Israeli film industry? □

By arrangement with Mauris. Translated by Miriam And

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

הכרזה מן האל

Bloomsbury to Bradford

MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS by John Rothenstein. In three volumes. Illustrated. London, Macdonald and Jane's. 330 pp. \$5.25 each.

BLOOMSBURY PORTRAITS by Richard Shone. London, Phaidon. 272 pp. Illustrated. Price not stated.

DAVID HOCKNEY by David Hockney. Edited by Nikos Stangos. London, Thames and Hudson. 311 pp. Illustrated. £10.

DUVEEN by S.N. Behrman. Boston, Little, Brown and Co. 282 pp. Illustrated. IL 69.50.

Meir Ronnen

IN HISTORY, all sorts of figures survive: it is almost inevitable that in another 50 years, Hitler will be better known than Churchill. In art history, only the really great survive.

When I was an art student, Augustus John loomed like a giant. Today, he seems little more than an inspired mediocrity, better remembered for his Bohemian escapades; he certainly had no effect on the development of painting.

Rothenstein's gallery of English painters comprises a list of historical nobodies, give or take a few names; and it is ironic, indeed idiotic, that his appreciation of Henry Moore in Vol. II goes back to the end of the Forties and concludes with the observation that it is still too early to judge his place in history. For Sir John, given the opportunity by the publishers to revise his text for this new edition of Vols. I and II, rather incredibly declined to do so, contenting himself with bringing up to date the accompanying potted biographies and bibliography (the latter now being occasionally at variance with his text).

IT IS HARD to imagine that Rothenstein's survey will be of any use even to English art students. The text presumes a certain acquaintance with the artist; and where today can one find a body of work by Steer, Tonks, Gilman or Gore, much less Grant, Nevinson, Wood or Hillier? And who would look for them? On the other hand, pioneer modernists like Roger Fry and Vanessa Bell are left out.

The author makes only oblique references to certain key facets of an artist's character, or sexual problems and propensities, or ignores them altogether, even when they are germane to his work. The style is smug, the comparisons curiously attituded. The prejudices belong to another age.

Rothenstein, in a futile comparison of French and English painting, suspects that Cezanne and Matisse are over-rated and notes that Picasso was really a Spaniard. Aha! Further, anyone who believes that Art is more important than Stanley Spencer does not "take adequate account of the evidence of one's eyes." Oh dear.

Sir John was for 26 years the Director of the Tate Gallery and was knighted for his (propaganda?) services to English art. Today, his views seem limited and provincial and his three wretched volumes suffer from being poorly illustrated and badly printed.

THE BRITISH seem unable to design dustjackets. The one on *Bloomsbury Portraits* is as unattractive as those on the Rothenstein books. But Shone's well-written volume is otherwise a delight to the eye, beautifully designed and brimming with excellently printed and well annotated illustrations.

Bloomsbury and its periphery have been pretty well done to death over the last few years, particularly if one includes the social ripples that reached the circles of Lady Ottoline Morrell. But Shone's readable, well researched book concentrates very cleverly on two neglected artists whose lives were inextricably intertwined — Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant — and on their circle.

VANESSA, the willowy sister of Virginia Woolf, was born in 1879 and was taught by Sargent at the Royal Academy. She married critic Clive Bell and later had an affair with painter-critic Roger Fry, who helped her become one of Britain's first abstractionists. While staying married to Bell she left Fry for his friend Duncan Grant and they painted and travelled together for the rest of their lives, while still continuing somewhat separate existences.

Both of them did designs for Fry's Omega workshops, the English version of the Wiener Werkstätte, the fortunes of which are recounted in detail here. Shone admittedly (and unfortunately) presumes that his readers are already sated with the details of the various couplings in Bloomsbury, but I was never able to figure out whether Grant was bisexual. Nor was I able to determine the real nature of his lifelong intimate friendship with Maynard Keynes (whose flat Vanessa and Duncan decorated together; but then they decorated Clive Bell's flat too).

Vanessa had two boys by Bell; one was killed in Spain. She also had a daughter by Grant. She and Grant went frequently to France and were good friends of Picasso; they also knew Derain and Bonnard.

All of Bloomsbury fits in and out of this book but it chiefly concerns itself with the couples' work and, indirectly, with the development of modern art in pre-World War II Britain. Vanessa had a particularly fine sense of composition and I have always found her work more satisfying and interesting than that of Grant, whom she very much looked up to. This very professional publication contains a lengthy bibliography and includes a catalogue and other references. I presume it has earned the author a doctorate. If so, he deserves it.

DAVID HOCKNEY's Cellini-like autobiography (indeed inspired by Benvenuto) is the most informative contemporary art book I have read; there is a great deal in it for critics, dealers, and students. It is actually a catalogue raisonné, containing all paintings and surviving drawings (he destroys a great many) to publication date. Even the introduction, this time no mere panegyric, by Henry Geldzahler of the New York Metropolitan, is informed and informative.

Hockney seems blessed with total recall but evidently he adopted the simple method of lining up all his works and beginning

at the beginning, describing how he came to approach and handle each one and why he was where he was when he was doing it (for he is probably one of the most peripatetic artists ever).

Like his work, his story is frank, honest but also calculated. Hockney early on decided that there was some useful shock value to his being homosexual; and his lovers, often nude, form a large part of his visual subject matter. Yet there isn't really anything sensational or pornographic about any of it. Indeed, the frankness with which Hockney has approached all his portraits and figure painting seems at times to verge on the cruel. Yet Geldzahler probably quite correctly points out that Hockney really accepts people as they are: his lovers, patrons and parents are painted with the frank understanding and acceptance of real love. His objects of affection are shorn of romantic illusions, but they are not rendered with bitterness.

Hockney is today a rich man, the darling of three continents. He is easily one of the most individual and technically accomplished artists of our times, a young man who was born into a world of abstraction and fought his way back to drawing from the model after clambering through Dubuffet. But his works are not just about people and possessions and swimming pools: they are about the very stuff of art: the organizing of experience into light, shape, composition and colour.

The best of Hockney's figurative paintings are also abstract masterpieces, in which every stroke and shade has a function. Yet Hockney constantly draws on historical sources, from Piero della Francesca to Caspar David Friedrich.

Hockney was born in 1937 in Bradford, Yorkshire, a textile town with its own art school; it was also the birthplace of William Rothenstein, Sir John's painter father. Hockney's father, as a hobby, painted scenes on doors. His son began his career illustrating the Bradford Grammar School magazine. At the Royal College of Art, young Hockney was encouraged by Ron Kitaj to swim against the abstract stream. But his real education began in California (he had been drawn to America by gay freedom). Today, the peroxide-blond Hockney seems light years away from Bradford; but he recently returned there to paint a moving portrait of his parents, with himself in the mirror, the whole surmounted by an inescapable triangle.

Hockney has an appreciation for dealers who promote young artists and who can hang and sell better than he can. He is mildly rueful about the fact that his paintings later change hands at 10 times the sum he gets for them. Once, loath to throw away a painting he had worked on for over half a year, he scissored out the one small section he liked and gave it to a friend. It was later sold for \$7,000. But Hockney is happy to have enough money to be free to paint all day and to pay for paints and models.

The descriptions of the work, research and construction Hockney puts into each painting are themselves worth the price of this book. It is very well designed and printed and contains a detailed catalogue. I can't recommend



David Hockney's diptych, "Peter O."

it highly enough. Like much of Hockney's work, it is a revelation and endlessly entertaining.

It is a quarter of a century since I first read S.N. Behrman's profile of Duveen in *The New Yorker*. But I never forgot the opening paragraph in which the author, after describing Lord Duveen of Millbank as the most spectacular art dealer of all time, goes on to say that long before he died in 1939 at the age of 60, he had noticed that Europe had plenty of art and America had plenty of money; and that Duveen's entire astonishing career was the product of this simple observation.

Duveen was a Yorkshire Jew whose grandfather was a blacksmith in Meppel, Holland, and whose father was a wealthy antique dealer and decorator knighted by Edward VII for his decorating services to the former Prince of Wales. Duveen inherited his father's connections and was good at making awkward American millionaires feel at home on the Continent, introducing them to Art and Royalty. He helped build the great American collections of Frick, Mellon, Kress, Bache and Widener, and thus those of many American museums. The National Gallery in Washington is his monument. He gave a dozen major works to the Tate.

He made a useful ally (and a rich man) of Berenson, and an enemy of many a dealer whose works he denounced as forgeries; he was nearly beggared by an in-terminable law-suit over a disputed Leonardo which he (rightly, I believe) described as a second-hand copy. He was adept at putting down works offered by other dealers; when shown one by a client, his nose would twitch ("I sniff fresh paint"). The same work might later be sold by one of his galleries in New York, Paris or London, set with the seal of his respectability. He would stretch an attribution to make a sale. Berenson wouldn't and ended their relationship by insisting that an "Adoration" was a Titian, when Duveen wanted to (and did) sell it as a Giorgione.

But Duveen was not a rogue. When buying pictures, he always offered much more than the asking price. He spent millions persuading the European aristocracy to part with its treasures. His technique was simple: offer the highest price ever. Duveen was the father of modern art-dealing history and the first dealer to educate and make taste.

Behrman's deft, anecdotal telling of Duveen's story is a delight and was recently republished by Little, Brown in a handsomely illustrated edition — 38 of the plates are in colour — which shows not only many of the 500 masterpieces he sold, but also some of the people who bought them. □

Fixing things



Meir Factor

Basic Home Repairs (Lane Books, \$1.95) A useful, all-round, do-it-yourself book. Especially helpful are the instructions on the repair of mosquito nets and on weatherstripping doors and windows.

Also from the same stable,

Woodworking Projects (Lane Books, \$1.95) contains some very interesting things to make, but a previous knowledge of carpentry is assumed.

For British readers, All About House Repair and Maintenance by Roy Day (Hamlyn, no price stated) contains a useful section on furniture repairs and another on man-made boards and how to use them.

All About Decorating your Home by Roy Day (Hamlyn, no price stated). With the proliferation of shops selling vinyl and other wallpapers, there is certainly a great need for a book which shows you clearly how to paper a room. There are also sections on painting, mosaic tiling and ceramic tiling.

Furniture Making by John Trigg & David Field (Pan, £1) is a carpentry book with a difference. Each of the projects described is illustrated at every stage and is simple to follow. A list of materials and tools required is given for each job.

Practical Woodworking (Hamlyn, £1.75) is the book for someone wanting to learn carpentry from scratch. It describes the basic tools, both hand and power, goes on to the basic methods used and finishes up with a series of projects which do not require elaborate tools or skill. □

Hagar's lot



WOMEN AND ISLAMIC LAW IN A NON-MUSLIM STATE Aharon Layish. Jerusalem, Israel Universities Press; New York & Toronto, John Wiley & Sons; Tel Aviv, Shiloah Centre for Middle Eastern and African Studies. 380 + XIX pp. IL78.

Nissim Rejwan

THE "non-Muslim State" of the title is Israel, and Dr. Layish's book is a thorough investigation of the legal-religious status of Moslem women in Israel as developed since the establishment of the State and the consequent total collapse of the communal organization of the Moslem population. One outstanding merit of the book is that, in addition to offering a surprising wealth of material on the legal-religious aspects of its subject matter, it also manages to be a fairly readable piece of social history.

Its importance, moreover, transcends its ostensibly rather limited scope and throws a great deal of light on the position of Moslem women in general, through a careful examination of their legal position in this particular "non-Muslim" country. For instance, when the author writes that in Israel the traditional equilibrium between the *shari'a* (Moslem law) and Moslem society was irrevocably upset, "not by change from within but as the result of direct contact with a modern Western society,"

he does not seem to be quite aware of the extent to which this is true of most contemporary Moslem societies.

The ways in which a traditional society is liable to be exposed to Western norms and influences are many and variegated, and the experiences both of Moslem societies outside Israel and of certain "non-Muslim" groups and communities inside Israel are obvious cases in point. To realize this, it is enough to recall the case of orthodox and Oriental Jewish groups and communities in Israel and the ways in which they reacted to — and were affected by — the same laws which the author rightly asserts had upset the balance between Moslem social reality and religious norms and prescriptions.

Pretty much the same — though of course it resulted in less shock and difficulty — can reasonably be said of a Moslem society like Egypt, where as far back as 1955 the regime took the bold step of abolishing *shari'a* courts. Thus, although he confines his researches to the status of Moslem women in Israel, and draws on strictly Israeli material, Dr. Layish's book has far wider implications and can with great benefit be read and used by students of Arab-Moslem society, comparative law, sociology and anthropology.

THE ORGANIZATION of the book, and the methodology used,

are impressive and in their own way quite unique. Based on judgements and orders of the *shari'a* courts, marriage contract registers, minutes of conferences held by *qadis* (religious judges), and interviews, the material is presented in nine chapters dealing with every aspect of the subject: age of marriage, stipulations inserted in the marriage contract, dower, polygamy, maintenance and obedience, divorce, custody of children, guardianship and succession.

Each chapter opens with a short legal introduction, followed by a factual analysis stressing the changes in the traditional status of Moslem women in Israel. The period covered extends from the establishment of the *shari'a* courts in Israel, in 1948, to the end of the 1960s, and it is obvious that a tremendous amount of meticulous, original work went into the book. The author rightly draws attention to the unusual nature of the sources he used.

ONE OF the most interesting facts to emerge is the remarkable flexibility — bordering at times on docility — displayed by the *qadis* as they deal with what after all is a highly tricky state of affairs. As the author points out in a concluding chapter, *qadis* "perpetuity and vacillation between religious and secular law is sometimes expressed in a double-minded application of substantive elements of both legal systems, despite material contradiction between them."

Thus, again, is by no means peculiar to Israeli Moslem society. When Abdul Nasser announced the dissolution of the *shari'a* courts in Egypt 20 years ago, there was hardly a murmur of dissent on the part of the *ulama*. Indeed, the then Sheikh of Al-Azhar, Abdul Rahman Taj, went so far as to thank Nasser for having taken the "liberating step" of abolishing religious courts. Thus, like the Israeli *qadis*, Moslem religious judges and savants, faced with a similar situation, seem everywhere to be adapting to change and making "an important contribution to the improvement of the position of women..." □

Spinster's choice

SINGLE GLENNEDNESS, Observations on the Single Status in Married Society, by Margaret Adama. London, Heinemann Educational. 264 pp. £5.50.

Orah Blaustein

IT IS A BASIC premise of our society that the only natural adult lifestyle is that of the heterosexual couple. The single man, however, is tolerated and sometimes envied as the "Lone Wolf" or the "Swinging Bachelor," while the single woman is regarded with great pity as an Old Maid doomed to a barren and frustrating life.

Women are asked to believe that their life's success and happiness rests first and foremost on marriage and the bearing and raising of children. The latter in particular is looked upon as the climax of the female experience and the holy duty of a woman to her body, her family, and her society. Any deviation from this role of wife and mother is seen as unfeminine, Bohemian or downright abnormal.

Margaret Adama attempts to end one of these basic misconceptions in her study of single, heterosexual, middle-class women. The author — a happily unmarried social worker, writer, and feminist — firmly believes that the single life is not merely possible, but can also be satisfying and fulfilling.

She maintains that many men and women are capable of leading happy lives without a permanent commitment to an exclusive relationship, and actually prefer the independence and opportunities of single life. They remain unmarried by choice, not circumstance (or luck), in spite of the obstacles encountered along the way and their own realization of the difficulties and loneliness that lie ahead.

Contrary to popular and professional psychological belief, they are not unable but unwilling to make a long-term commitment

which would divert them from more important pursuits. They value their independence above all, and will give up much in the way of companionship and security in order to hang on to it.

SOCIETY, structured as it is on the family unit, makes it especially difficult for single men and more difficult for single women to get along. Both are pressured, almost persecuted psychologically. On the practical level, little is done to ensure their comfort and security. Housing is an excellent example of an area in which singles are discriminated against, and in comparison to their married peers encounter great difficulties securing loans, mortgages and suitable homes.

It is true that the social revolution of recent years has had its effect on the lot of the unmarried. Alternative life-styles are now more readily accepted. Social institutions to serve new needs, to provide places where unattached people can meet and socialize, have mushroomed. Unfortunately, many of these are of the single's bar or club type, and are little more than sanctioned sexual hunting grounds.

These and many other facets of this long-neglected subject are covered by Ms. Adama in a thorough yet somewhat tedious, cautious, and worthy fashion. It is disturbing to realize that the author's attitude is often an agonistic and uncompromising one that of the society she criticizes. It appears as if the only two choices available to contemporary women are to marry and be dependent on a life of drudgery, dependence, and suppression, or remain single and lead an independent but lonely existence. The idea that women cannot have both a family and a life outside the home is again being challenged and disproved. It is especially disappointing coming from a dedicated feminist who, in her defence of the single life, has closed her eyes to other equally valid possibilities. □

Swidler's book is a much-needed corrective to the roseate presentations. The final evaluation may perhaps be not so extreme in either direction, but it will now be more realistic and there can be no gainsaying that the Jewish woman was structured into an inferior position. Swidler quotes with approval views expressed by Professor Zeev Falk, of the Hebrew University, who specializes in matrimonial law and who has pointed out changes that can be made to improve the status of the Jewish woman within the framework of the Halachah. These wrongs must be righted if women are not to be totally turned off by Judaism. After all, if the conflict is allowed to remain, women are more likely to survive without Judaism than Judaism without women. □

At the pitchers

WOMEN IN JUDAISM by Leonard Swidler. Metuchen N.J., Scarecrow Press. 242 pp. \$9.50.

Geoffrey Wigoder

THE CLASSICAL Jewish attitude to women was highly ambivalent, with many negative aspects that have been conveniently obscured by most modern apologists. Thus Morris Joseph in his *Judaism as Creed and Life*, published early in the century, devotes several pages to a paean on woman's mission in Judaism. Even the brief references in the more recent *Judaism* by Isidore Epstein give no inkling of the negative aspects. Claude Montefiore was more realistic in the *Rabbinic Anthology*, where he writes that "women were regarded as inferior to men in mind, function and status." Louis Jacobs has also been more balanced, showing the great variety of views held by the rabbis. Now, Leonard Swidler, Professor of Religion at Temple University, has produced a devastating account of the attitudes to women in the formative

period of Judaism — the time of the Second Temple and of the talmudic rabbis.

He discerns two basic traditions stemming from the Hebrew Bible. One of these regarded women as naturally inferior to men, reflecting a common (but not exclusive) viewpoint in the ancient world, still largely prevalent in many areas including the Middle East. The other saw woman as originally the higher and better part of mankind. The former view prevailed, but traces of the latter are to be found in Judaism, ranging from the egalitarian love of the Song of Songs and the identification of Wisdom as a woman to the projection of the feminine into the Godhead in the medieval Kabbalah.

But the main thrust throughout this period is antithetical to women. Even the famous glorification of woman in the Book of Proverbs, regarded as the epitome of Jewish respect for womanhood, does not stand up to critical examination in modern terms. The wife described is decidedly subordinate to her husband and is praised for fulfilling the functions of a perfect servant

(while her husband sits at the city gate).

OF COURSE to some extent Swidler is reading modern understandings back into ancient attitudes. He seeks to present the proper perspective by introducing comparisons with other cultures in those days and concludes that even in comparison with other contemporary civilizations, the Jewish attitude was more hostile. In many cases where the Jews evinced greater understanding, this was a result of Hellenistic influences.

Swidler suggests that the decline of the woman in the Jewish world may have been partly a reaction to her more exalted role in the Hellenistic environment. However, this does not leave room for an adequate explanation of why Hellenistic women found Judaism attractive (many of them converted), as is recorded by Josephus and Talmudic sources.

Swidler describes a definite strain of misogyny emerging from the Wisdom and Talmudic Literatures. This was not a little the consequence of the fear of temptation (Swidler is preparing a companion volume on attitudes to women in early Christianity and the comparison should prove instructive). He cites mis-

ogynistic texts by the dozen: every woman lends the essentially good man to evil; each woman is a nymphomaniac who lured angels to their fall (read: fornication); by use of cosmetics; or, in the words of the Talmud, "a woman is a pitcher full of filth with its mouth full of blood yet all run after her."

MANY POSITIVE texts are also quoted, although here the appreciation is more of woman as she is related to men — the role of wife and mother — than of woman as woman. There are a few exceptional women in their own right, such as Queen Salome Alexandra and the Halachic authority, Beruria — but these are the handful of exceptions which only prove the rule. The fact is that women were classed with slaves and children, precluded from giving evidence, excluded from the *sum-mum bonum* — the study of Torah, segregated in Temple and synagogue, "excused" from basic and meaningful *mitzvot*, regarded as impure for long periods, subject continually to double standards, inferior all round to males.

AT A LATER stage amazing statements can be found in Maimonides, who was in so many other ways a great humanitarian, and the comparison should prove instructive). He cites mis-

Isaac Klein in the Yale Judaica series): "A woman who refuses to perform any kind of work that she is obligated to do, may be compelled to perform it, even by scourging her with a rod" — a statement strongly attacked by European rabbinic authorities of the time. Also: "A man may marry several women, even a hundred of them, provided he is able to supply each one with her due food, raiment and conjugal rights" (my compliments).

SWIDLER'S BOOK is a much-needed corrective to the roseate presentations. The final evaluation may perhaps be not so extreme in either direction, but it will now be more realistic and there can be no gainsaying that the Jewish woman was structured into an inferior position. Swidler quotes with approval views expressed by Professor Zeev Falk, of the Hebrew University, who specializes in matrimonial law and who has pointed out changes that can be made to improve the status of the Jewish woman within the framework of the Halachah. These wrongs must be righted if women are not to be totally turned off by Judaism. After all, if the conflict is allowed to remain, women are more likely to survive without Judaism than Judaism without women. □

הכרזת מלכות

T.G.I.F

Thank goodness it's Friday. Shabbat to look forward to. Relax, time for the kids, good meal, read. The Jerusalem Post with the weekend magazine.

Have you ever thought how much you're missing if you only get the Friday issue? Plenty. Five days' news, in-depth articles, background, Dry Bones cartoons, reviews, readers' letters, sport. Fridays are even better if you read THE JERUSALEM POST every day. Complete the coupon, send it to us with your cheque and we'll deliver THE POST direct to your home every day (at no extra cost). T.G.I.F. Thank goodness it's everyday.

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Period sci-fi

DECADE: THE 1980s edited by Brian W. Aldiss and Harry Harrison. Macmillan, London. 287 pp. £3.95.

Matthew Nesvisky

ANTHOLOGIES which purport to package a period are expected to contain at once the best and the most representative of that chosen era. But even granting the usual latitude for an anthologist's individual aberrations of taste, it is still quite hard to believe that this science fiction round-up contains either.

The editors rightly point out that sci-fi altered considerably during the 1980s, following what fans generally considered a rich '50s and even richer '40s. The hard fact of all that hardware being launched into the heavens certainly took much of the romance out of speculative fiction. Writers in the '60s also continued the drift of the late '50s away from the natural sciences and into the social sciences. Head trips became as common as space trips.

Aldiss and Harrison point to Stanley Kubrick's film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, as the quintessence of '60s s-f. It very well may be, insofar as it accurately reflects the boredom and silliness that much of science fiction has sunk to. Sci-fi, after all, is mostly read by adolescents, which may explain much of its pretentiousness, conventionality, lack of wit and comedy, and — ironically — its dearth of genuine wonder.

The editors proclaim that the last decade was the one in which

the public discovered science fiction, which can hardly be true, and that it was also the era in which sci-fi discovered the present, which is rather too true. The best science fiction, including that which speculates wildly about the future, is always grounded in and played against the present. Our art, technology and industry conspire to turn our present into the future anyway — living in a self-consuming present, no wonder nostalgia rides high these days.

THE EDITORS labour under the very curious delusion that British sci-fi writers are on an equal footing with or even better than their American cousins, a kind of Union Hijacking of taste which cannot be supported, certainly not on the evidence presented here.

Aldiss and Harrison, UK sci-fiers themselves, have had to travel far afield to flesh out their collection. About half of the 18 stories here can be considered science fiction only by — irony — the wildest stretch of the imagination. All of them may broadly be called imaginative fiction — but what fiction isn't?

Consider the opener. As if to establish that, contrary to the common criticism, science fiction does contain much social satire (it doesn't), the collection begins with J.G. Ballard's "The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race." This exercise is about as remote from s-f as anything can be. It takes its inspiration from Alfred Jarry's "The Crucifixion Considered as an Uphill Bicycle Race." Suffice it

to say that on the one hand it takes genius to out-Jarry Jarry, and, on the other, even novelty can become a bore.

The next six stories are simply a succession of similar thuds. The entries by Harvey Jacobs and Will Worthington are numbingly juvenile, Thomas M. Disch's effort is flaccid Kafka, old hands Gordon R. Dickson and Kurt Vonnegut prove old hat, and the throw-back Cold War cautionary tale by Mack Reynolds is screamingly idiotic.

Things pick up, however, with the eighth entry, not science fiction of course, but a neat little understated horror story set in India and written by "Manacarer," by Keith Roberts, a just-plausible and fully realized peek into the future (ah, at last), in which Bohemian art colonies are established by the government as therapy centres to relieve sufferers from urban malaise (the Haight and South Kensington on the National Health, as it were).

PHILIP K. DICK'S "The Electric Ant" and Keith Laumer's "Hybrid" are fine examples of the traditional narrative joys which can result from imagination tinkering with technology. Perhaps the best story in the collection is Robert Silverberg's "Hawkbill Station," a good old-fashioned, wide-eyed adventure yarn from *Galaxy Magazine* about a penal colony set up via time machine about one million years ago.

Odd that the good old space operas triumph in this collection, although as the editors point out in their sprightly introduction, "...the basic arts of story-telling are perennial and less susceptible to alteration than readers may imagine." □

Exit Christie

POSTERN OF FATE by Agatha Christie. London, Fontana/Collins, 221pp. 60p.

THE BOOK opens with Tuppence and Tommy Beresford ensconced in their new home in Hooquay, a London suburb peopled by a vacuous vicar and superannuated dowagers who forestall senility by stirring up old gossip with their tongues. But before Tuppence can make her way into the Hooquay social set, she must make room for her newly-acquired treasure trove of children's books, which were handed over for a few shillings by the former owners of the house.

Being prone to nostalgia (and

who wouldn't be when on the far side of 70?), Tuppence finds herself up to her neck in books and cobwebs. And while reading Stevenson's *The Black Arrow*, she discovers this sinister message underlined in red ink: "Mary Jordan did not die naturally. It was one of us. I think I know which one."

Leave it to the prying Tuppence to ferret out 60-year-old gossip with the help of the local dowager queen who has total recall. She remembers every golden hair on the Parkinsons' nurse-maid's head, as well as how she met her death after eating a plate of stewed foxglove instead of spinach. She recalls that it was Alexander, the Parkinsons' 14-year-old son,

who suspected foul play. Obviously he had red-linked his suspicions for posterity. Young Alexander died shortly after voicing his suspicions... hmmm?

Tuppence's curiosity knows no bounds. She begins probing and prodding with the help of the ever-present Tommy, until she stirs up a hornet's nest of World War spies, subversion and skulduggery.

Scatter-brained and somewhat dotty Tuppence and super-sollicitous husband Tommy make a pair of doddering dodo detectives who take a skillfully crafted and conceived mystery and turn it into a bloody bore with their interminable chit-chat. Too bad Agatha Christie chose Tommy and Tuppence to jaw — or is it gum? — her last mystery to a pulpy mush. □

LYNN SHARON

Suspect monarch

SAVING THE QUEEN by William F. Buckley, Jr. London, Star Books. 248 pp. 60p.

NOVELISTS who dwell on the fine distinctions of manners and behaviour that comprise the texture of social life tend to be conservative. Once caught in the network of social relations, lavishing care and thought on the placement of their characters in the social system, these novelists often celebrate the values of the social structure they dramatize.

What the novel of manners used to do, the spy novel does today, keeping our attention with large

doses of suspense, sex, and violence, which help us to focus our attention on the small — but, seen through the author's eyes ominous — details of everyday life. I suspect most spy novelists are conservative; their stories so often end up in favour of the old-fashioned virtues. The genre seems ready-made for a political conservative like Buckley.

The hero of this novel, Blackford Oakes, is a young American engineer posted to England as a deep-cover agent for the CIA. His job is to discover who is passing intelligence about the hydrogen bomb to the Russians. All his information points to the

highest echelons of British society, possibly even to the young Queen herself, who is decidedly unconventional.

The novel's plot makes it possible for Buckley to explore the caste-ridden, stiff and formal English society of the 1950s, while praising Joe McCarthy's "traitor"-hunts, and justifying the need for a network like the CIA. Yet Buckley is an unorthodox conservatism, nowhere better displayed in its complexity than in this novel, whose hero ends up waging a campaign on behalf of democracy, informality and personal ease. Despite his political stance, Buckley here praises American rebelliousness, brahminism, and democratic independence. □

MURRAY BAUMGARTEN

Battle

TRAFALGAR by John Terraine. New York, Mason/Charter Publishers. 205 pp. 100 illustrations (16 colour) \$17.50.

David Brauner

"ROYAL TARS of old England... Repair, all those who have good hearts, who love their king, their country and religion, who hate the French and damn the Pope..." So read the posters at the time of Trafalgar.

Half the seamen in his His Majesty's ships volunteered. The other half? Impressed — from the streets, from gaols and from other ships. And soon all found themselves virtually enslaved on floating brigs.

Kept far from land and loved ones, for years at a stretch, they toiled under the knot-studded rope "starters" of their officers, ate maggots-infested bread, and endured cruel and often arbitrary punishment. Neither did the sea comfort them.

In times of war, sailors manned the guns. Shot and splinter maimed and wounded. The dead were unceremoniously pitched over the side to keep the decks clear.

In London, the Lords of the Admiralty sat and manipulated their fleets. Their purpose was to keep England a nation of free men. Napoleon's 130,000-strong Army of England looked west across the Channel. A flotilla of transports was built and readied for the invasion. But it was never to be, because England's "wooden walls" held fast.

And between mortal seamen and the Admiralty lords stood demi-gods like Horatio Nelson, who was author and hero of Trafalgar. There, in the words of Herman Melville, Nelson was handed "the naval crown of crowns."

NELSON was an enigma. He was self-pitying but never self-indulgent. He longed for a hero's death and the comfort of his home. He was a sailor all his life, but, like the other Horatio, he always got sea-sick.

Much of Nelson is summed up in the epitaph to another sailor: "To his friends, Sinan was another Joseph; to his enemies he was a dart." Nelson hated the French. "God knows I only serve to fight these scoundrels..." And the reason for all this ferocity? "Forgive me, but my mother hated the French."

Yet he treated ordinary seamen as well as possible, and himself no better than they. He trusted in his officers to do their best at all times. The last order he gave to the fleet before going into the Battle of Trafalgar — "England expects that every man will do his duty" — best reveals the "Nelson touch."

John Terraine writes well. He handles events and personalities more like a novelist than an historian.

But he is not without his bias. His contempt for the French and especially for Napoleon, that spider "at the centre of his imperial web," appears just slightly less vehement than that of Nelson himself.

Another, perhaps inevitable, fault is the glorification of war. This, however, is substantially offset by the intelligently arranged eye-witness accounts of the battle and its era. But the horror of war can never be fully told, because those who could tell it best can't. □

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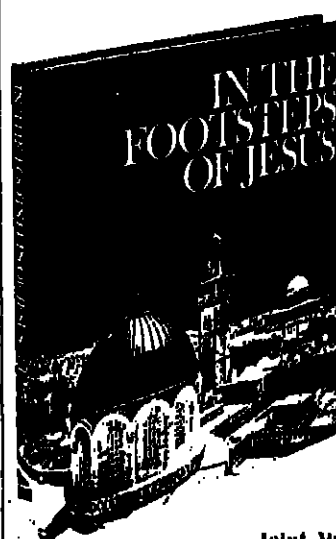
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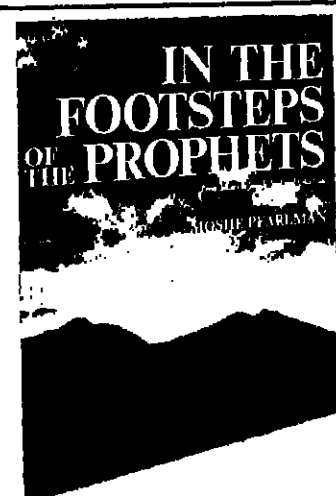
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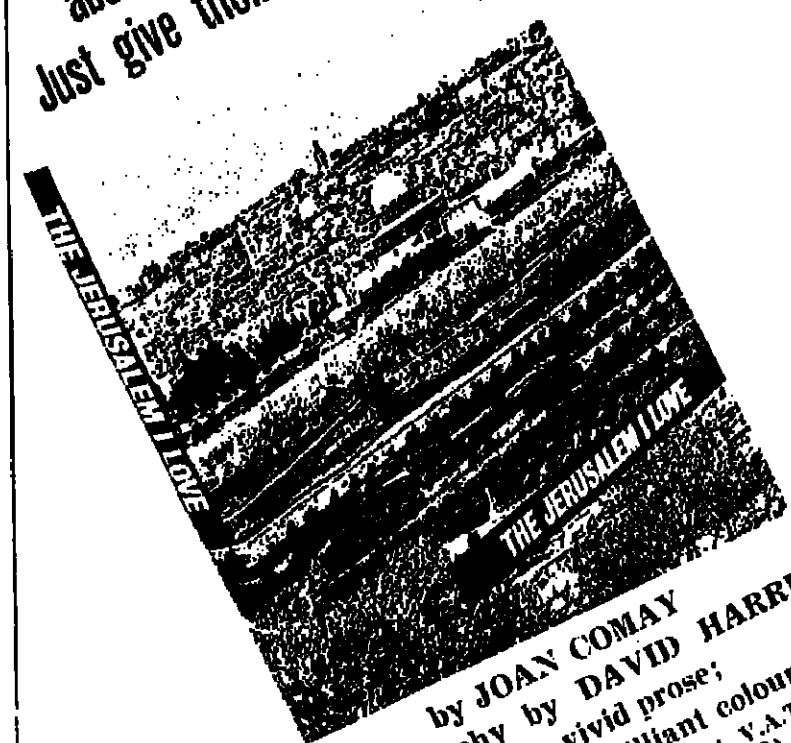
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1977

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מכרז מן האל

HOW DO TWO carnivorous adults and three carnivorous children survive a weekend in a vegetarian health resort? The answer is, very enjoyably. Our family had this experience the weekend before Pessach at Frumer's Natural Health Resort in Ashkelon. We found it gave us an interesting culinary adventure, and some very good food for thought as well on the entire subject of diet and health.

Belt Frumer, as it is called in Hebrew, has taken over what used to be the Dagon Hotel, which served meat and was non-kosher at that. Today, its kitchen not only meets the kosher requirements of the Ashkelon Rabbinate, but also the standards of quite strict vegetarians and health-food enthusiasts. No fish is served, and even eggs and dairy products are used very sparingly. Coffee, tea and sugar are unavailable, and salt is used in only a very few dishes. Smoking is officially prohibited (although it can be indulged in surreptitiously in the bedrooms). There is, of course, no bar in this hotel.

The health resort, which opened last Succot, is the culmination of a three-year dream by Dr. Benjamin Frumer and his wife Betty. It is geared towards three types of clientele: vegetarians and others who simply want a vacation with a difference, people who want to lose weight, and people who suffer from particular ailments. In this latter category, the Belt Frumer literature lists "heart, kidney, liver disorders, peptic ulcers, high blood pressure, diabetes, colitis, rheumatism, allergies, and other chronic disorders." (Asthma is one of the latter.)

DR. FRUMER was trained at the Groote Schuur Medical School in Cape Town. He and his family immigrated to Israel 16 years ago, and he was a Kupat Holim doctor at Moshav Be'er Tuvia for many years. His "conversion" to the natural health food approach came seven years ago, when he suffered a severe heart attack at the age of 41.

"I lay there in my hospital bed trying to think what I had done wrong to make my heart give out so soon. Everything! I was a heavy smoker, I drank eight cups of coffee a day, I was grossly overweight, I got little exercise," Dr. Frumer told me.

He decided right there in hospital to stop eating meat, and when he found the cooked vegetables unpalatable on his salt-free diet, he asked for, and got, a diet of raw vegetables and fruits. That was the beginning.

Out of hospital, he began investigating various schools of thought on diet and health, including the Birchler-Brenner method in Switzerland for weight reduction. He lost 20 kilos. He gave up tobacco, coffee, tea and alcohol, all of which he considers poisonous to the human system. He opposes the use of medicines whenever possible, and that means in most cases.

"I can't, of course, withdraw insulin from a diabetic right away," he says, "but I believe he can be weaned away from it. And if someone comes to me with diabetes and hasn't yet gone on to insulin, I can control it by diet."

Dr. Frumer contends that man was not meant to be carnivorous, and that the eating of meat began as a sort of historical accident, perhaps as a result of the ice age. Man's natural diet should be fruits, vegetables and nuts.

WITH HIS NEW approach to health, it became increasingly dif-

Vegetarian weekend



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

ficult for Dr. Frumer to continue to work for Kupat Holim. Just to mention a small thing, which his wife Betty recalls, "New mothers would ask him for pills to stop their breast-milk supply, and he felt it against his conscience to prescribe them."

He himself says that human infants should be breast-fed for 18 months to two years, after which time milk products are unnecessary, and mostly undesirable. The youngest of their four children, now seven, has been raised on a strictly vegetarian diet. His parents say he has never taken antibiotic medicines — a claim which can be made for very few Israeli children. He looks and behaves like any sabra.

Dr. Frumer keeps in shape by cycling around Ashkelon. His wife, who supervises the kitchen and dining room, is trim and petite. The Frumers combine their back-to-naturalism with a South African elegance which sets the tone of the resort. It is maintained immaculately, and creature comforts are not ignored. The pine-paneled rooms have private baths, electric heaters, and air conditioners. There is a swimming pool in the well-kept grounds, and the beach is an easy walk even for the non-athletic. The food — however sparse one's diet — is appetizingly served, on rustic Lapid stoneware.

DIET VARIES according to one's reasons for being there. At one extreme are guests on a water fast. (Fasting Can Save Your Life is one of the paperbacks offered for sale; a Hebrew translation of a work by Mahatma Gandhi is another.) One woman I met was at the end of a 14-day water fast —

nothing but three or four glasses a day — and she looked the picture of blooming health and said she felt "marvellous." She had lost more than six kilos but her main purpose was to get relief from arthritis. She showed me how easily she could open and close her fists, which had been impossible before her fast. She had spent her time in the usual activities of the resort — yoga, hikes, handicrafts, lessons in flower arrangement, etc.

A sizeable proportion of the guests (both in number and kilos) had obviously come for weight reduction. These were mostly women, but there was also a group of girls in their teens and early twenties on a special youth rate for a week. Most of the dieters were on meagre fare — sometimes only fruit juices for a few days, followed by "one-fruit days" (three apples, or three oranges). I saw one of the teenagers plead with Dr. Frumer for a "little extra" — and he agreed to another piece of fruit.

Of course, these diets are voluntary, and no one can stop a guest from sneaking into Ashkelon town for a snack. Diets are individually planned, and a trained nurse is available most of the time, as is Dr. Frumer, who also has a laboratory on the premises. He says that weight-reduction guests generally lose four to six kilos in one week, eight to 10 in a two-week stay.

A scale is prominently located in the entrance hall, and "weighing in" is the first item on the daily agenda for anyone there for health purposes. Yoga is the second activity of the morning, and breakfast comes third, at 9 a.m.

BREAKFAST is the most surprising meal for those familiar with the lavish spreads offered in other Israeli hotels. It consists solely of fresh and sun-dried fruits and nuts. There is also — as a grudging concession to ordinary guests — hot water for make-it-yourself tea, but only from mint leaves or roses, with natural honey instead of sugar. I must confess I missed a more substantial breakfast — and a cup of coffee.

The other meals are satisfying enough, if you are not on a diet and can therefore partake of the "varied and full vegetarian cuisine." This includes delicious wholewheat bread baked on the premises, natural tehina, soft white cheese and buttermilk, all sorts of raw salads, hot vegetable soup, and quite a variety of cooked vegetable dishes.

The best selection, to the unaccustomed palate, came at noon on Shabbat, when we had eggplant "chopped liver" salad, bean choleut (which did contain a pinch of salt), and a honey-sweetened carrot tsimms. "We get a lot of outside guests on Shabbat, and we cater a bit to them," Mrs. Frumer told me, almost apologetically. On Saturday evening we had Chinese-style vegetables.

For those who want it, however, a "vegan and raw food diet" is available — which means non-cooked fruits, vegetables, nuts, and germinated sprouts. When feasible, the Frumers buy organically grown fruits and vegetables, but they say this is not always possible in the quantities they constantly require.

Spices are used — not ordinary salt (except in rare instances) or pepper, but a number of dried herbs such as oregano, rosemary, tarragon and basil. Mrs. Frumer makes her own celery salt, which is a fair substitute for ordinary table salt. Some garlic is used in the cooking. Wheat germ is on the tables to sprinkle over various foods as you wish.

For those who want to continue this eating style at home, there are occasional cookery lessons, and a Hebrew recipe sheet is available.

STRANGE AS IT may seem, guests on a water fast or three apples a day pay the same rates as those whose full board includes the "full vegetarian cuisine." What is the logic? "Those on stricter diets are getting more medical supervision, and this accounts for the difference," explain the Frumers.

Rates differ slightly, depending on the type of room and whether it is single or double occupancy. But on the average, each guest pays IL200 to IL240 a day for full-board, plus VAT. Tourists with foreign currency pay somewhat less.

If your aim is to lose weight, why go away and pay for food you won't be eating? Many people may well ask themselves this. But for others, there is apparently a need to get away from home and diet in an atmosphere which is conducive to keeping to it. The question, of course, is what happens when you get home again?

In our case, the answer was quite simple. The first day back, I ran out to a health-food store and bought natural tehina, natural honey, mint tea, and wholewheat bread. I also tried out one of the recipes — a vegetable mousse. We have added these dishes to our family menus — but, at least for the present, have gone back to our old carnivorous ways. □

Martha Meisels

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

Beef baby

GETTING married is nothing, my friends told me. "Your life will really change when you have a baby."

Meanwhile, their predictions seem a little less than accurate. Our baby has not really transformed our lives unalterably. And in the most important area, food, the baby's influence is hardly felt at all.

Of course we must worry from time to time about what to feed the little creature. This is particularly a problem as he begins to eat more varied foods.

We try to give him whatever we are eating ourselves and, for the most part, this is successful. In



fact, Tipai Halav, the well baby clinic, has encouraged us in this respect and suggested that we use our imagination in feeding him.

So, it was with the baby in mind that I suggested to my wife that we have boiled beef for dinner one day. Not knowing how good the dish can be, she turned up her nose at the suggestion; but after tasting the beef, she was quickly won over.

TO PREPARE the beef, defrosted a kilo of frozen beef. I used the rib cut, but it would have been possible to use breast of beef if I had found a piece that did not have too much fat.

I put the meat in a pot which was not too big and just barely covered it with water. To this I added a leek which had been cut into sections, two peeled carrots, a stalk of celery and two peeled turnips. For seasoning I added two bay leaves, a good pinch of thyme and half a teaspoon of salt. Bringing the water to a boil, I put the pot on a low fire and simmered the beef gently for about an hour. This was enough to make my piece of meat tender, although others may find that they will need up to two hours of simmering.

We used a very sharp knife to cut the meat, and ate it with the vegetables in its own broth. The meat would also have been very good cold.

We prepared the baby's meal by cutting the meat into pieces and putting it in a blender, together with the cooked vegetables and enough broth to enable the machine to function properly. We gave him some that day and he appeared to enjoy it enormously.

We stored the remainder by pouring it into an ice-tray and freezing it in cubes. Three such cubes make a very ample meal for a six-month-old child. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

BECAUSE OF THE BIBLICAL INJUNCTION AGAINST GRAVEN IMAGES, OBSERVANT JEWS OF THE PICTURESQUE COMMUNITY OF BROOKLYN CHEW MATZAS INTO BEAUTIFUL SHAPES. LAST PESSACH WE VIEWED THIS AS A LOST ART BUT WE WERE WRONG! THEY'VE COME OUT OF THE CLOSET THIS YEAR!!

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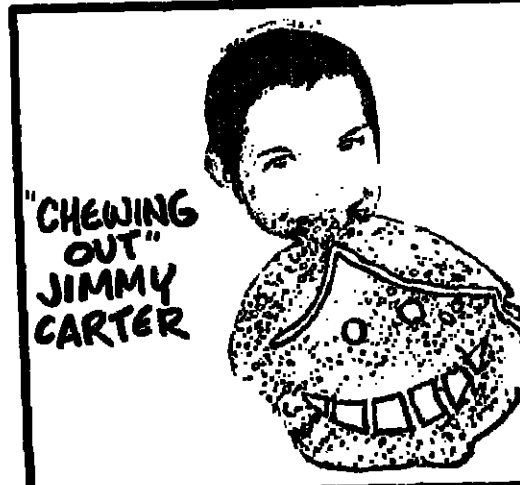
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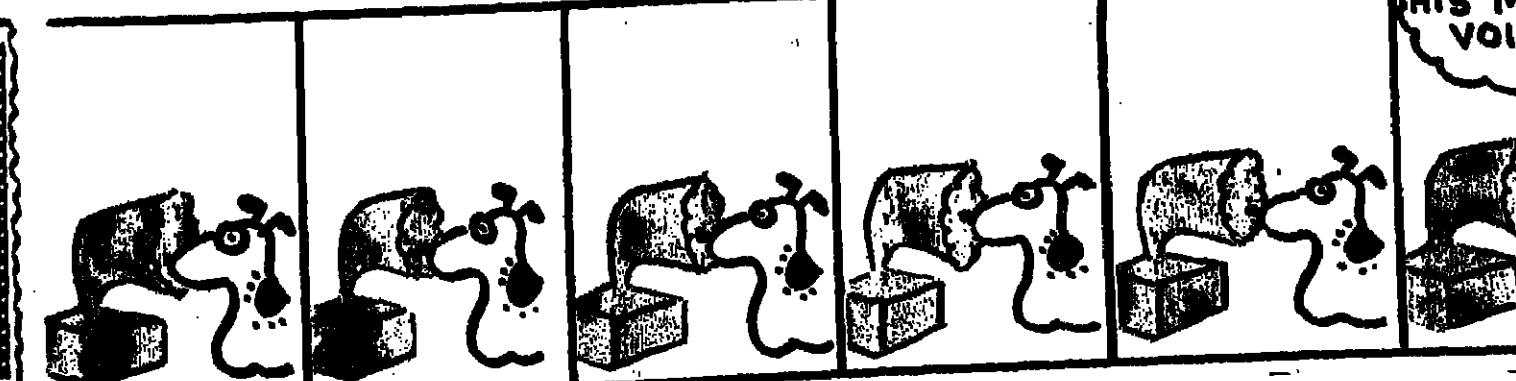
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AN ABSOLUTE

THE DE STIJL GROUP 1917-1931

Meir Ronnen

A MOST REMARKABLE little area comprising the Netherlands and a part of Belgium has, century after century, thrown up names that have won a lasting place in the history of art, names that spring most readily to mind: van Eyck, van der Weyden, Bosch, Brueghel, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Ruisdael, Van Gogh, to name a few. In the second decade of this century, it saw the birth of the De Stijl group, a varied collection of artists and architects who were to leave a lasting mark on their professions around the world. A splendid didactic exhibition about De Stijl (1917-1931) is now on show at the Israel Museum; it should not be missed.

The De Stijl group was first formed (in Leiden, in 1917) by four artists with certain aims in common: Mondrian, van Doesburg, van der Leek and the designer Huisar. They had, parallel to the Supremists in Russia, declared themselves for absolute abstraction and the complete elimination of any direct observation from nature. They further restricted their means to the straight line and the vertical right angle; and to the three primary colours (red, yellow, blue) and the non-colours (black, white, grey). The pioneers were soon joined by architects and designers whose influence would eventually change much of the environment of western man. They were even joined, at one stage, by one of Malevich's supporters from Russia, the famous Jewish Supremist El Lissitzky.

BAUHAUS TO TEL AVIV

The austere but untrammelled spirit of De Stijl and its very lucidity of expression had an immediate influence on Le Corbusier and the designers and architects

at Germany's Bauhaus, which van Doesburg visited in 1921. When Hitler closed the Bauhaus, many of its teachers took their teachings to the U.S. and they were followed later by Mondrian. The straight line and the right-angle reigned supreme in modern architecture, for better or for worse, until Saarinen. One has only to look at Tel Aviv of the Thirties, and at some early Rehavia houses, to see how widespread this influence was. It was a style that suited, or sometimes led to, modern methods of construction: poured reinforced concrete boxes and, in America, rectilinear towers of steel girders enclosed by enormous areas of glass.

Oddly enough, part of this development began in America with the work of Frank Lloyd Wright. Robert van 't Hoff left Amsterdam to study Wright's work before World War I and was certainly influenced by the low, clean horizontal lines of Wright's "ranch" houses, with their cast slab roof and floating foundations, which were to become the prototype of many modern private homes. Van 't Hoff built some of these simplified houses in Holland in 1916 and joined De Stijl a year later.

UNIVERSAL STYLE

Other key figures to join were sculptor-painter Georges Vantongerloo, and architects Oud and Wils. They were later joined by painters such as Domela and Vordemberge-Gildewart; and architect-designers like Reijnders, van Eesteren and Kiesler (the latter the co-designer of our Shrine of the Book). Even Hugo Ball and Sophie and Jean Arp allied themselves for a while.

What held them together? They were looking for a universal style and set of values within which they could give individual expression. But in the end each went his

own way. Mondrian, the most doctrinaire and yet the most singular of the painters, fell out with van Doesburg because the latter deviated from the dogma of the horizontal-vertical by making diagonal paintings! In a way Mondrian was right: the diagonal works here seem merely decorative. Mondrian admits that, in the beginning, he fed as avidly on the ideas of others as they fed on his. But Mondrian remains the giant, indeed one of the giants of this century, precisely because of his personality, his *weltanschauung*, and his individuality. Doesburg, Domela and Vantongerloo may have

shared in developing his format, but they never matched him in sensitivity and continued invention.

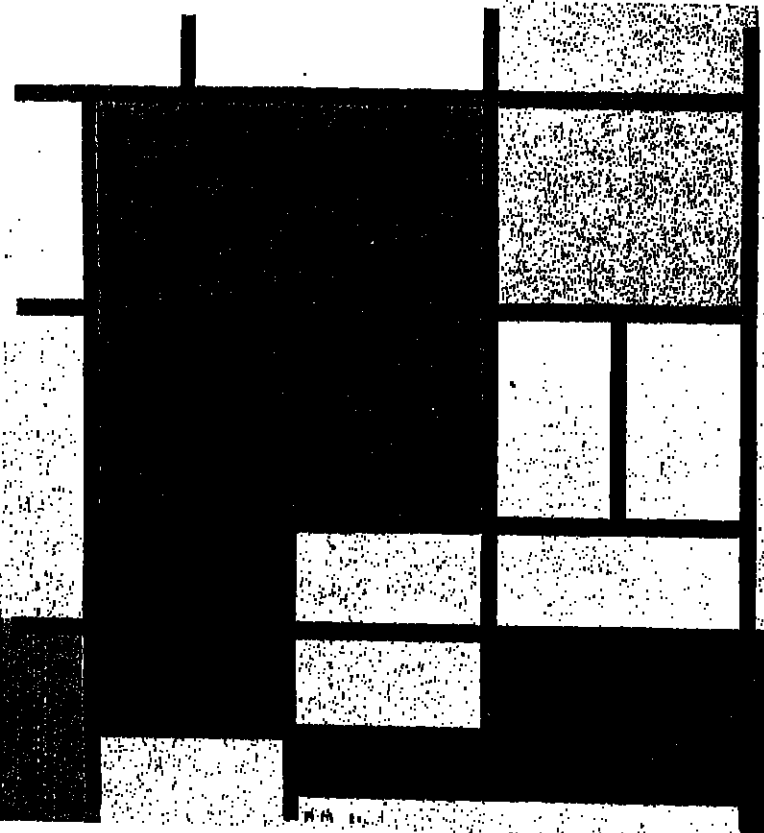
De Stijl died as a group with the death in 1931 of its founder and moving spirit, Theo van Doesburg; and only Mondrian succeeded in continuing to develop and refine his ever more personal style. Indeed, "ever further" was his watchword.

The show at the Israel Museum, impeccably presented by Yitzhak Gaon, has largely come from the Netherlands and three of its great museums. It was brought here by the Director of the Hague Museum, Dr. L.J.F. Wijnbeek.

MINI-RETROSPECTIVE

The seven paintings and drawings by Mondrian are almost a mini-retrospective, ranging from development of translations of nature to complete abstraction. Like his countryman Van Gogh, Mondrian had an infinite capacity for taking pains and an ever-developing combination of sensitivity and intellectual grasp of the principles of colour and design. Starting as mere plodders, both evolved into painters of genius.

The painting by Domela here might at first be taken for a Mondrian, but it has a ruled, flat, hard-edge look. The Mondrian beside it is in every sense a free, rich painting, with immense attention paid to surface and edge. Mondrian never took measurements but the varying thicknesses of his black lines (and their varying distance from the edge of the canvas) are calculated by eye to the millimetre, without ever seeming mechanical. In the end, Mondrian was to triumph over his own theory. (Israel Museum; Palevsky Design Pavilion). Till May 31. □



Piet Mondrian (1872-1944): composition in red, yellow, blue and black, oils, 1932, now on show at the Israel Museum.

A DRAWING IS A DRAWING IS A...

Gil Goldfine

"The art of drawing, an intimate, subtle, often searching personal statement, is the pinning down of an idea or mood in visual form within a given space. Drawing underlies every form of pictorial or plastic expression..." (Ulla E. Johnson, *20th Century Drawings: 1900-1940*).

IN THE case of AVIVA URI, the art of drawing transcends its classical meaning and functions and becomes an end in itself, an abstract summary of her thoughts and drives.

Sara Breitberg, newly appointed Curator of Israeli Art at the Tel Aviv Museum, has as her first official act, assembled a representative cross-section of Uri's work. Carefully chosen, thoughtfully displayed and accompanied by an adequate explanatory catalogue, the drawings have been organized under specific themes and trace Uri's subjective preoccupations throughout the past 20 years, without concern for chronological

order or specific artistic development.

Although Breitberg's research and clarification into groups — Development of the Line Language, Physical and Spiritual Landscapes, from Horizon to Horizon, Requiem for a Bird, The Bird as a Symbol, and Balls and Frames — has been fortified by proper examples, there is, nevertheless, an overriding view of a singular talent with decided interests, a talent that binds the hand to a perceptive mind in the strongest way. The statement by Henri van de Velde that "Line is a force and borrows its energy from that of the man who draws it" perfectly describes Uri's sensibility and sensitivity.

LYRICAL GRACE

Uri's idiom of expression projects a sense of lyrical grace and embraces a full range of temperaments and experiences borrowing from the dramatic simplicity of the oriental scroll and the painterly convolutions of Western abstraction: one can see signs of the Sung Dynasty and

Adolph Gottlieb in neighbouring frames.

Abstract and unformalized, the drawings are yet often inspired by landscape, the terraced hills and lofty ridges surrounding Jerusalem. More precisely, the landscape is the nucleus of her imagination, becoming a linear division between earth and sky, the physical and the spiritual, the mind and the body. In unorthodox interpretations, Uri's quixotic — almost frantic — line attempts to diagnose the essence of form without seeking to clarify its linear boundaries. She searches out the character of a panorama instead of tracing its reality.

For Uri the white sheet of paper is, each and every time, a miniature, an empty rectangular horizonless space that needs to be stimulated into life. She takes charcoal or pencil and begins to "pull" strokes across the surface. In the strictest sense of the word, Uri transfigures as well as transforms blank paper into aesthetic pronouncements (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd., through May). □



Aviva Uri: drawing (Tel Aviv Museum).

PAGE EIGHTEEN

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1977

Poet in exile



Shmuel Atmon as Bertolt Brecht in 'Poet on a Suitcase.'

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

BERTOLT BRECHT was not only a dramatist and poet of stature; he was also a fascinating personality — an earthy, pragmatic, working-class man whose great hatred in life was the bourgeoisie and bourgeois life, but who didn't disdain money.

He kept a fat account in a Swiss bank while enjoying the privileges granted to him by the East German authorities as the head of the Berliner Ensemble; he accepted from his Communist bosses a sumptuous villa, but lived in the gardener's cottage where he felt more at home; and all his life he wore the shabby leather jacket of a Berlin proletarian of the Twenties.

Like the hero of one of his plays, Galileo Galilei, Brecht preferred survival to heroism. When in 1947, during his short, unhappy life in America, he was hauled before the House Un-American Activities Committee on suspicion of being a Communist sympathizer — a fact known to every literate person — Brecht had the Congressmen eating out of his hand, so amiable and subtly evasive were his answers to their silly questions. At the end of the hearing he even earned their thanks for being cooperative. His biographer Martin Esslin quotes a friend of Brecht's who attended the hearing and said it was "as though a zoologist had been cross-examined by apes."

Poet on a Suitcase, at Habimah, is a one-man show featuring veteran actor Shmuel Atmon, and based on the period the playwright spent in exile, from the day he left Hitler's Germany in 1933 until his return to 1948. The text, arranged by Imre Goldstein, who also wrote the continuity, is made up of songs, poems, snippets from plays and other writings, selected to give the audience a general idea of what Brecht was all about. However, it is often difficult to tell where Brecht ends and Goldstein begins. Atmon is a forceful performer who reveals himself here with some help from voice coach Hanna Hachon — as a fairly good singer. His rendition of the

various pieces leaves little to be desired, but he fails to come over as Brecht, which, I believe, is the show's chief purpose. What we get is Atmon performing Brecht's texts, which is pretty good in itself.

The direction, also by Imre Goldstein, is competent but not imaginative enough to give the show sufficient movement. The translations by Ehud Manor and Dan Almog sound good, and so do Ronnie Lerner (piano) and Jerry Garebell (percussion), who accompany the actor, and during the intermission play tunes by Weill, Dessau, Eisler, the composers who played such a major part in Brecht's creative life.

"PUTTA TUTTA", a first play by Mattio Regny, half of which I saw this week at Tzavta, Tel Aviv, is as silly as its title which is the name of a soft drink. The beverage is promoted by an advertising agency named "Historia" because they own a time-machine which allows them to travel backwards and forwards through the centuries and employ celebrities out of the past — such as Cleopatra and Napoleon — for advertising purposes.

All is well with Putta Tutta and "Historia" until the bottle falls in love with a girl named Rena. The girl is a young innocent who lives by the seashore with her equally innocent boyfriend Ron, on nothing but pure love and song. All uncorked, Putta Tutta demands of the manager of "Historia" that he get him the girl. Afraid that Putta Tutta will switch agencies or fizzle out altogether, the manager conceives a diabolical plan to corrupt the two youngsters. Accordingly, he promotes Ron and makes him a famous pop singer — though anyone in the audience could tell that with his kind of singing Ron wouldn't even make the flop parade — and gets the girl's job as a model, in return for which she agrees to spend a night on the town with Putta Tutta, which is half the bottle won.

Things got sillier and sillier, Ron was getting ready for a trip on the time-machine, when the intermission came to the rescue. I shall never know where he landed. I hope I will never have to see a show such as this on the professional stage again. □

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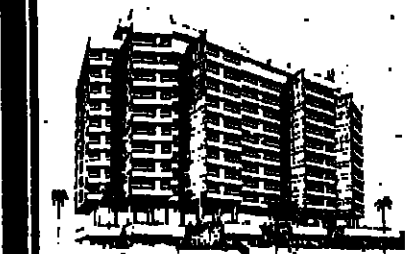
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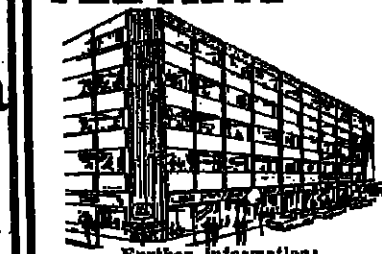
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in cooperation with the
Association Française des Cinémas d'Art et d'Essai

Sunday, April 10

10:00 pm UN ENCHANTEMENT

by Jean ROBERT (1976)

8:15 pm VOYAGE EN GRANDE TARTARIE

by Jean YVES (1976)

Sunday, April 11

10:00 pm MES PETITES AMOUREUSES

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

2:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

12:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

10:00 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

2:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

12:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

Sunday, April 12

10:00 pm LE DESERT DES TARTARES

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm JAMAIS PLUS TOUTJOURS

by Jean YVES (1976)

Sunday, April 13

10:00 pm MES PETITES AMOUREUSES

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

2:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

12:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

10:00 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

2:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

12:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

Sunday, April 14

10:00 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

2:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

12:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)

10:00 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

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8:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

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6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

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4:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

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6:15 pm LES FLEURS DU MEL

by Jean YVES (1976)